

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

No. 437.

NEW SERIES.

No. 47.

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1900.



PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.

BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY AND Co.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

EDITED BY RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J.

Just published, Fourth Edition, Re-written and Enlarged.

PSYCHOLOGY: Empirical and Rational. By MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A. Lond.; Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stonyhurst College, Examiner for the Diploma in Teaching of the Royal University of Ireland. Price 6s. 6d.

Logic. By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. Second Edition. Price 5s.

First Principles of Knowledge. By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 5s.

Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law). By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.

Natural Theology. By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d.

General Metaphysics. By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Second Edition. Price 5s.

Supplementary Volume.

Political Economy. By C. S. DEVAS, Esq., M.A., Examiner in Political Economy in the Royal University of Ireland. Price 6s. 6d.

Opinions of the Press.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"It is a hopeful sign of the times that a Catholic professor should freely enter the lists of debate in opposition to acknowledged masters of recent philosophy." The Jesuit Father is no respecter of persons."—*Journal of Education*.

"In the two volumes named below (*First Principles of Knowledge* and *Logic*), we have set forth in clear and vigorous English the doctrine of knowledge and the principles of reasoning taught by the learned and subtle Aquinas in the thirteenth century, but adapted to the needs of students and controversialists of the nineteenth century by teachers who, like St. Thomas himself, are able to discuss doubts without doubting, to hold converse with sceptics of every school, and still to hold to the faith. . . . To those who would like to know exactly the form that philosophy takes when she enters the service of 'The Church' the volumes may be commended"—*Inquirer*, Sept. 21, 1889.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

"The style of the book is bright and easy, and the English (as we need not say) extremely good. . . . The manual will be welcome on all sides as a sound, original, and fairly complete English treatise on the groundwork of morality."—*Dublin Review*.

"The style is popular and easily intelligible; the principles are fully illustrated by concrete examples."—*Church Quarterly*.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"This volume considerably increases the debt which English-speaking Catholics owe to the Jesuit Fathers who have brought out the 'Stonyhurst Series' of philosophical manuals. It is really a treatise *de Deo* dealing with the proofs of the existence of God, the

Tracts for the Million.

I.

THE paradoxes of one generation are the commonplaces of the next; what the savants of to-day whisper in the ear, the Hyde Park orators of to-morrow will bawl from their platforms. Moreover, it is just when its limits begin to be felt by the critical, when its pretended all-sufficingness can no longer be maintained, that a theory or hypothesis begins to be popular with the uncritical and to work its irrevocable ill-effects on the general mind. In this, as in many other matters, the lower orders adopt the abandoned fashions of their betters, though with less of the well-bred taste which sometimes in the latter makes even absurdity graceful. In this way it has come to pass that at the very moment in which a reaction against the irreligious or anti-religious philosophy of a couple of generations ago is making itself felt in the study, the spreading pestilence of negation and unbelief has gained and continues to gain possession of the street. Some fifty years ago religion and even Christianity, seemed to the sanguine eyes of Catholics so firmly rooted in England that the recovery of the country to their faith depended almost entirely on the settlement of the Anglo-Roman controversy; to which controversy they accordingly devoted, and, in virtue of the still unexhausted impetus of that effort, do still devote their energies, almost exclusively. But together with a dawning consciousness that times and conditions have considerably changed, there is growing up in certain quarters a feeling that we too shall have to make some modifications in order to adapt ourselves to the altered circumstances. It is becoming increasingly evident that even could the said Anglo-Roman controversy be settled by some argument so irresistibly evident as to leave no *locus standi* to the opponents of the Petrine claims, yet the number of those Anglicans who admit the historical, critical, philosophical, and theological assumptions upon which the controversy is based and which are presumed

as common ground, is so small and dwindling that, were they all gained to the Church, we should be still a "feeble folk" in the face of that tidal wave of unbelief whose gathering force bids fair to sweep everything before it. Also the lingering impression left from "Tractarian" days as to the intellectual pre-eminence of the Catholicizing party in the Anglican Church, which pre-eminence might make amends for their numerical insignificance, is gradually giving way to the recognition of the sobering fact that at present that party in no sense represents the cultivated intellect of the country. It is no disrespect to that party to say that while scholarship and intelligence are therein well represented by scattered individuals, yet it is cumbered, like most religious movements after they have streamed some distance from their source, with a majority of those whose adhesion has little or no pretence to an intellectual basis; and whose occasional accession to the Catholic Church is almost entirely their own gain.

To give the last decisive push to those who are already toppling over the border-line that divides England from Rome, to reap and gather in the harvest already ripe for the sickle, is a useful, a necessary, and a charitable work; one that calls for a certain kind of patient skill not to be underestimated; but there is a wider and perhaps more fruitful field whose soil is as yet scarcely broken. It may even be asserted with only seeming paradox that the best religious intelligence of the country is to be found in the camp of negation rather than in that of affirmation; among Broad Churchmen, Nonconformists, Unitarians, and Positivists, rather than among those who seek rest in the unstable position of a modified Catholicism. The very instability and difficulty of that position elicits much ingenuity from its theological defenders, though it also divides their counsels not a little; nor do we quarrel with them for affirming instead of denying, but for not affirming enough. But this attempt at compromise, this midway abortion of the natural growth of an idea, even were it justifiable as sometimes happens when legitimate issues are obscured through failure of evidence, repels the great multitude of religious thinkers who are not otherwise sufficiently drawn towards Catholicism to care to examine these claims. To say that there is no logical alternative between Rome and Agnosticism is a sufficiently shallow though popular sophism. At most it means that from certain given premises one or other of those con-

clusions must follow syllogistically—a statement that would be more interesting were the said premises indisputable and admitted by all the world. Still it may be allowed that a criticism of these premises, which is a third alternative, opens up a number of roads to religious thought, all of which lead away from, rather than towards the extreme Anglican position, and hence that the more searching religious intelligence of the country is as adverse to that position—and for the same reasons—as it is to our own. And by the religious intelligence I mean all that intelligence that is interested in the religious problem; be that interest hostile or friendly; be it, in its issue, negative or constructive. For it must not be forgotten that the enemies of a truth are as interested in it as its friends; or that the friendliest interest, the strongest “wish to believe,” may at times issue in reluctant negation. So far then as the great mass of religious intelligence in this country is not “Anglo-Catholic” in its sympathies; and so far as it is chiefly on the “Anglo-Catholic” section that we make any perceptible impression, the conversion of England, for what depends on our own efforts, does not seem to be as imminent a contingency as it would appear to be in the eyes of those foreign critics for whom Lord Halifax is the type of every English Churchman and the English Church co-extensive with the nation—save for a small irreclaimable residue of Liberals and Freemasons.

Those who, influenced by such considerations, would have us extend our efforts from the narrowing circle of Anglo-Catholicism to the ever-widening circle of doubt and negation, are not always clear about the practically important distinction to be drawn between the active leaders of doubt, and those who are passively led; the more or less independent few, and the more or less dependent many; between the man of the study and the man of the street—a distinction analogous to that between the *Ecclesia docens* and *Ecclesia discens*, and which permeates every well-established school of belief, whether historical, ethical, political, or religious.

Dealing first with the latter, that is, with those who are led; we are becoming more explicitly conscious of the fact that in all departments of knowledge and opinion the beliefs of the many are not determined by reasoning from premises, but by the authority of reputed specialists in the particular matter, or else by the force of the general consent of those with whom they

dwell. There may be other non-rational causes of belief, but these are the principal and more universal. And when we say they are non-rational causes, we do not mean that they are non-reasonable or unreasonable. They provide such a generally trustworthy, though occasionally fallible, method of getting at truth, as is sufficient and possible for the practical needs of life—social, moral, and religious. There is an inborn instinct to think as the crowd does and to be swayed by the confident voice of authority. If at times it fail of its end, as do other instincts, yet it is so trustworthy in the main that to resist it in ordinary conditions is always imprudent. That our eyes sometimes deceive us would not justify us in always distrusting their evidence. If a child is deceived through instinctively trusting the word of its parents, the blame of its error rests with them, not with it. And so, whatever error the many are led into by obeying the instinct of submission to authority or to general consent, is their misfortune, not their fault. Of course there are higher criteria by which the general consent and the opinion of experts can be criticized and modified; but such criticism is not obligatory on the many who have neither leisure nor competence for the task. For here, as elsewhere, a certain diversity of gifts results in a natural division of labour in human society; those who have, giving to those who have not; some ministering spiritual, others temporal benefits to their neighbours. Not that a man can save another's soul for him any more than he can eat his dinner for him, but he can minister to him better food or worse.

The Mussulman child, then, may be bound, during his intellectual minority, to accept the religious teaching of its parents, just as is the Christian child. That one, in obeying this natural but fallible rule, is led into error, the other into truth, only verifies the principle that right faith is a gift of God, a grace, a bit of good fortune. None of those who are not professedly teachers of religion and experts can be morally bound to a criticism above their competence, or to more than an obedience to those ordinary causes of assent to whose influence they are subjected by their circumstances. The ideal of a Catholic religion is to provide by means of a divinely guided body of authorities and experts, an universal, international, inter-racial consensus regarding truths that are as obscure as they are vital to individual and social happiness; and thus to afford a means of sure and easy guidance to those

uncritical multitudes whose necessary preoccupations forbid their engaging in theology and controversy. This ideal was sufficiently realized for practical purposes in the "ages of faith," when the whole public opinion of Europe, then believed to be coterminous with civilization, was Catholic; when dissent needed as much independence of character, as in so many places, profession does now. And surely it is a narrow-hearted criticism to prefer the primitive conditions in which none but those strong enough to face persecution could reap the benefits of Christianity. The weak and dependent are ever the majority, and if Christianity had been intended to pass them by or sift them out, "its province were not large," nor could it claim to be the religion of humanity. The Christian heaven was never meant to be kept apart, but to be hidden and lost in that unleavened mass which it seeks slowly to transform into its own nature. The majority, in respect to religion, are like unwilling schoolboys who need to be coerced for their own benefit, to be kept to their work till they learn (if they ever do) to like it, and to need no more coercion. The support that Catholic surroundings give to numbers, who else were too weak to stand alone, cannot be overvalued, although it may weaken a few who else had exerted themselves more strenuously, or may foster hypocrisy in secret unbelievers who would like to, but dare not withstand public opinion.

Now it is the gradual decay of this support—of this non-rational yet most reasonable cause of belief, that is rendering the religious condition of the man in the street so increasingly unsatisfactory. Not only is there no longer an agreement of experts and a consequent consensus of nations touching the broad and fundamental truths of Christianity, but what is far more to the point, the knowledge of this Babylonian confusion has become a commonplace with the multitudes. No doubt there are yet some shaded patches where the dew still struggles with the dessicating sun—old-world sanctuaries of Catholicism whose dwellers hardly realize the existence of unbelief or heresy, or who give at best a lazy, notional assent to the fact. But there are few regions in so-called Christendom where the least educated are not now quite aware that Christianity is but one of many religions in a much larger world than their forefathers were aware of; that the intellect of modern, unlike that of mediæval Europe, is largely hostile to its claims; that its defenders are infinitely at variance with one another; that there

is no longer any social disgrace connected with a profession of non-Christianity; in a word, that the public opinion of the modern world has ceased to be Christian, and that the once all-dominating religion which blocked out the serious consideration of any other claimant, bids fair to be speedily reduced to its primitive helplessness and insignificance. The disintegrating effect of such knowledge on the faith of the masses must be, and manifestly is, simply enormous. Not that there is any rival consensus and authority to take the place of dethroned Catholicism. Even scepticism is too little organized and embodied, too chaotic in its infinite variety of contradictory positions, to create an influential consensus of any positive kind against faith. Its effect, as far as the unthinking masses are concerned, is simply to destroy the chief extrinsic support of their faith and to throw them back on the less regular, less reliable causes of belief. If in addition it teaches them a few catchwords of free-thought, a few smart blasphemies and syllogistic impertinences, this is of less consequence than at first sight appears, since these are attempted after-justifications, and not real causes of their unbelief. For they love the parade of formal reason, as they love big words or technical terms or a smattering of French or Latin, with all the delight of a child in the mysterious and unfamiliar; but their pretence to be ruled by it is mere affectation, and the tenacity with which they cling to their arguments is rather the tenacity of blind faith in a dogma, than of clear insight into principles.

And this brings us to the problem which gave birth to the present article.

The growing infection of the uneducated or slightly educated masses of the Catholic laity with the virus of prevalent unbelief is arousing the attention of a few of our clergy to the need of coping with what is to them a new kind of difficulty. Amongst other kindred suggestions, is that of providing tracts for the million dealing not as heretofore with the Protestant, but with the infidel controversy. While the danger was more limited and remote it was felt that, more harm than good would come of giving prominence in the popular mind to the fact and existence of so much unbelief; that in many minds doubts unfelt before would be awakened; that difficulties lay on the surface and were the progeny of shallow-mindedness, whereas the solutions lay deeper down than the vulgar mind could reasonably be expected to go; that on the whole it was better

that the few should suffer than that the many should be disturbed. The docile and obedient could be kept away from contagion, or if infected, could be easily cured by an act of blind confidence in the Church; while the disobedient would go their own way in any case. Hence the idea of entering into controversy with those incompetent to deal with such matters was wisely set aside. But now that the prevalence and growth of unbelief is as evident as the sun at noon—now that it is no longer only the recalcitrant and irreligious, but even the religious and docile-minded who are disturbed by the fact, it seems to some that a policy of silence and inactivity may be far more fruitful in evil than in good, that reverent reserve must be laid aside and the pearls of truth cast into the trough of popular controversy.

But to this course an almost insuperable objection presents itself at first seeming. Seeing that, the true cause of doubt and unbelief in the uncritical, is to be sought for proximately in the decay of a popular consensus in favour of belief, and ultimately in the disagreements and negations of those who lead and form public opinion, and in no wise in the reasons which they allege when they attempt a criticism that is beyond them; what will it profit to deal with the apparent cause if we cannot strike at the real cause? In practical matters, the reasons men give for their conduct, to themselves as well as to others, are often untrue, never exhaustive. Hence to refute their reasons will not alter their intentions. To dispel the sophisms assigned by the uneducated as the basis of their unbelief is not really to strike at the root of the matter at all. Besides which the work is endless; for if they are released from one snare they will be as easily re-entangled in the next; and indeed what can such controversy do but foster in them the false notion that, belief in possession may be dispossessed by every passing difficulty, and that their faith is to be dependent on an intellectual completeness of which they are for ever incapable. Indeed the unavoidable amount of controversy of all kinds, dinning into the ears of the faithful in a country like this, favours a fallacy of intellectualism very prejudicial to the repose of a living faith founded on concrete reasons, more or less experimental.

As far as the many are concerned much the same difficulty attends the preservation of their faith in these days, as attended its creation in the beginnings of Christianity, before the little flock had grown into a kingdom, when the intellect and power

of the world was arrayed against it, when it had neither the force of a world-wide consensus nor the voice of public authority in its favour. In those days it was not by the "persuasive words of human wisdom" that the crowds were gained over to Christ, but by a certain *ostensio virtutis*, by an experimental and not merely by a rational proof of the Gospel—a proof which, if it admitted of any kind of formulation, did not compel them in virtue of the logicity of its form. Further, when the conditions and helps needed by the Church in her infancy, gave way to those belonging to her established strength, it was by her ascendancy over the strong, the wealthy, and the learned, that she secured for the crowd,—for the weak and the poor and the ignorant,—the most necessary support of a Christianized, international public opinion, and thereby extended the benefit of her educative influence to those millions whom disinclination or weakness would otherwise have deterred from the profession and practice of the faith.

If the Church of to-day is to retain her hold of the crowd in modernized or modernizing countries, it must either be by renewing her ascendancy over those who form and modify public opinion, who even in the purest democracy are ever the few and not the many; or else by a reversion to the methods of primitive times, by some palpable argument that speaks as clearly to the simplest as to the subtlest, if only the heart be right. An outburst of miracle-working and prophecy is hardly to be looked for; while the argument from the tree's fruits, or from the moral miracle, is at present weakened by the extent to which non-Christians put in practice the morality they have learnt from Christ. Other non-rational causes of belief draw individuals, but they do not draw crowds.

If we cannot see very clearly what is to supply for the support once given to the faith of the millions by public opinion, still their incapacity for dealing with the question on rational grounds will not justify us altogether in silence. For in the first place it is an incapacity of which they are not aware, or which at least they are very unwilling to admit. A candidate at the hustings would run a poor chance of a hearing who, instead of seeming to appeal to the reason of the mob should, in the truthfulness of his soul, try to convince them of their utter incompetence to judge the simplest political point. Again, though unable to decide between cause and cause, yet the rudest can often see that there is much to be said on both sides—

though what, he does not understand ; and if this fact weakens his confidence in the right, it also weakens it in the wrong ; whereas had the right been silent, the wrong, in his judgment, would thereby have been proved victorious. This will justify us at times in talking over the heads of our readers and hearers, and in not sparing sonorous polysyllables, abstruse technicalities, or even the pompous parade of syllogistic arguments with all their unsightly joints sticking out for public admiration. Some hands may be too delicate for this coarse work ; but there will always be those to whom it is easy and congenial ; and its utility is too evident to allow a mere question of taste to stand in the way.

Moreover, it must be remembered that while many of the class referred to are glad to be free from the pressure of a Christianized public opinion, and are only too willing to grasp at any semblance of a reason for unbelief ; others, more religiously disposed, are really troubled by these popular, anti-Christian difficulties, the more so as they are often infected with the fallacy, fostered by ceaseless controversy, which makes one's faith dependent on the formal reason one can give for it.

Though this is not so, yet moral truthfulness forbids us to assent to what we, however falsely, believe to be untrue. Hence while the virtue of faith remains untouched, its exercise with regard to particular points may be inculpably suspended through ignorance, stupidity, misinformation, and other causes.

In the interest of these well-disposed but easily puzzled believers of the ill-instructed and uncritical sort, a series of anti-agnostic tracts for the million would really seem to be called for. Yet never has the present writer felt more abjectly crushed with a sense of incompetence than when posed by the difficulties of a "hagnostic" greengrocer, or of a tailor fresh from the perusal of "Erbert" Spencer. Face to face with chaos, one knows not where to begin the work of building up an orderly mind ; nor will the self-taught genius brook a hint of possible ignorance, or endure the discussion of dull presuppositions, without much pawing of the ground and champing on the bit : "What I want," he says, "is a plain answer to a plain question." And when you explain to him that for an answer he must go back very far and become a little child again, and must unravel his mind to the very beginning like an ill-knit stocking, he looks at once incredulous and triumphant as who should say : "There, I

told you so!" Yet the same critical incompetence that makes these simple folk quite obtuse to the true and adequate solution of their problems (I am speaking of cases where such solutions are possible), makes them perfectly ready to accept any sort of counter-sophistry, or paralogism. A most excellent and genuine "convert" of that class told me that he had stood out for years against the worship of the Blessed Virgin, till one day it had occurred to him that, as a cause equals or exceeds its effect, so the Mother must equal the Son. Another, equally genuine, professed to have been conquered by the reflection that he had all his life been saying: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," and he could not see the use of believing in it if he didn't belong to it. If their faith in Catholicism or in any other religion depended on their logic, men of this widespread class were in a sorry plight. Like many of their betters, these two men probably imagined the assigned reasons to be the entire cause of their conversion, making no account of the many reasonable though non-logical motives by which the change was really brought about. Hence to have abruptly and incautiously corrected them, would perhaps but have been to reduce them to confusion and perplexity, and to "destroy with one's logic those for whom Christ died."

That we do not sufficiently realize the dialectical incompetence of the uneducated is partly to be explained by the fact that they often get bits of reasoning by rote, much as young boys learn their Euclid; and that they frequently seem to understand principles because they apply them in the right cases, just as we often quote a proverb appropriately without the slightest idea of its origin or meaning beyond that it is the right thing to say in a certain connection. As we ascend in the scale of education, there is more and more of this reasoning by rote, so that critical incompetence is more easily concealed and may lurk unsuspected even in the pulpit and the professorial chair, where logic alone seems paramount. The "hagnostic" greengrocer, in all the self-confidence of his ignorance, is but the lower extreme of a class that runs up much higher in the social scale and spreads out much wider in every direction.

But when we have realized more adequately how hopelessly incompetent the multitude must necessarily be in the problems of specialists, we shall also see that it is only by inadequate and even sophistical reasoning that most of their intellectual difficulties can be allayed; that the full truth (and the half-truth is

mostly a lie) would be Greek to them. If, then, *Tracts for the Million* seem a necessity, they also seem an impossibility; for what self-respecting man will sit down to weave that tissue of sophistry, special-pleading, violence and vulgarity, which alone will serve the practical purpose with those to whom trenchancy is everything and subtlety nothing? Even though the means involve a violation of taste rather than of morals, yet can they be justified by the goodness of the end? Fortunately, however, the difficulty is met by a particular application of God's universal method in the education of mankind. In every grade of enlightenment there are found some who are sufficiently in advance of the rest to be able to help them, and not so far in advance as practically to speak a different language. What is a dazzling light for those just emerging from darkness, is darkness for those in a yet stronger light. A statement may be so much less false than another, as to be relatively true; so much less true than a third, as to be relatively false. For a mind wholly unprepared, the full truth is often a light that blinds and darkness; whereas the tempered half-truth prepares the way for a fuller disclosure in due time, even as the law and the prophets prepared the way for the Gospel and Christ, or as the enigmas of faith school us to bear that light which now no man can gaze on and live. Thus, though we may never use a lie in the interest of truth, or bring men from error by arguments we know to be sophistical, yet we have the warrant of Divine example, both in the natural and supernatural education of mankind, for the passive permission of error in the interest of truth, as also of evil in the interest of good. Since then there will ever be found those who in all good faith and sincerity can adapt themselves to the popular need and supply each level of intelligence with the medicine most suited to its digestion, all we ask is that a variety of standards in controversial writings be freely recognized; that each who feels called to such efforts should put forth his very best with a view to helping those minds which are likeliest his own; that none should deliberately condescend to the use of what from his point of view would be sophistries and vulgarities, remembering at the same time that the superiority of his own taste and judgment is more relative than absolute, and that in the eyes of those who come after, he himself may be but a Philistine.

We conclude then that all that can be done in the way of *Tracts for the Million* should be done; that seed of every kind

should be scattered to the four winds, hoping that each may find some congenial soil.

But even when all that can be done in this way to save the masses from the contagion of unbelief has been done, we shall be as far as ever from having found a substitute for the support which formerly was lent to their faith by a Christianized public opinion. Can we hope for anything more than thus to retard the leakage? The answer to this takes us to the second of our proposed considerations, namely, our attitude towards those who form and modify that public opinion by which the masses are influenced for good or for evil.

G. TYRRELL.

The French Carmelite Martyrs and English Benedictine Nuns.

SOME two years ago, in September, 1898, we were able to present to the readers of *THE MONTH* a brief account of the heroic death of sixteen Carmelite nuns, of the Convent of Compiègne, who, on the 17th of July, 1794, were beheaded in Paris by the Revolutionary Government. We mentioned, on this occasion, that during their imprisonment the future martyrs found themselves brought into close contact with a community of English Benedictines from Cambrai, who were, like themselves, detained at Compiègne, in the old Visitation Convent that served as a prison. We added that in these latter years the interchange of sisterly greetings that took place a hundred years ago between the captive French and English nuns had been renewed, amid happier circumstances, between the present Carmelites of Compiègne and the Benedictines of Stanbrook Abbey, who are the representatives of the Cambrai nuns.

But a deeper and more important significance even than the exchange of affectionate and precious memories is attached to the connection between the Stanbrook Benedictines and the French Carmelite martyrs. As our readers are probably aware, the beatification of the latter is under discussion in Rome, and among the historical proofs that have been collected during the last few years by the Rev. Postulator of the cause, Mgr. de Teil, the testimony of the Stanbrook community ranks first and foremost. In fact, the tribunal instituted in Paris for the investigation of the cause thought it necessary to transfer itself to Stanbrook from the 28th of August to the 2nd of September, 1897. Here the investigations were carried on in the strictly canonical way, and the members of the tribunal subsequently declared the result to be successful and important beyond all expectation.

The object of the present paper is to make known the historical importance of the Stanbrook testimony to the English readers who are interested in the cause. As an example of religious sacrifice, the story of the Carmelites of Compiègne appeals to all Catholic hearts, but additional interest is attached to their history in English eyes by the circumstances that have made an English community the chief witness of their heroism, the guardian of their memory, and also of their relics. The members of this community being themselves the children of our English martyrs, the memory of the holy victims of the Paris guillotine is sweetly linked through them with that of the noble martyrs whose blood was poured forth on our own soil in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Owing to the kindness of the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook, we have had free access to the papers and archives relating to the cause, and it is from them that we have drawn the information presented in these pages to the readers of *THE MONTH*.

The Benedictine nuns of Cambrai, now of Stanbrook, in Worcestershire, are the lineal descendants, in the spiritual order, of the martyred Chancellor of England, Blessed Thomas More, whose grandson, Mr. Cresacre More, for the sake of his daughter Helen, better known as Dame Gertrude, became the temporal founder of the Cambrai house. Together with her companions, Helen More crossed the seas to Flanders under the conduct of Dom Leander Jones, monk of the English Congregation of Benedictines, to whom the work of the foundation had been entrusted by his Superior, Dom Rudisim Barlow, brother of Venerable Ambrose Barlow, the martyr.

The postulants, nine in number, assembled at Cambrai in the autumn of 1623, and received the habit there on the 31st of December. Their names, given below, tell of relationship with more than one martyr or families of martyrs.¹

Three nuns from the English house of Benedictines at Brussels, founded some years previously by Lady Mary Percy, daughter of the martyred Earl of Northumberland, were invited by the monks to come for a time to train the novices. One of these three, who temporarily filled the office of Abbess, was a Gawen—a family well known for its staunch adherence to the

¹ Helen More (Dame Gertrude), Margaret Vavasour (Dame Lucy), Ann Morgan (Dame Benedicta), Catherine Gascoigne (Dame Catherine), Grace More (Dame Agnes), Ann More (Dame Ann), Frances Watson (Dame Mary), Mary Hoskins (Sister Mary, lay-sister), Jane Martin (Sister Martha, lay-sister).

ancient faith ; and when, two years after their profession, the Cambrai Nuns were able to elect an Abbess from the nine members of their own foundation, their choice fell on Dame Catherine Gascoigne, the worthy daughter of a race of confessors. She governed the community as Abbess for the space of forty years.

During 170 years, from 1623 to 1793, the Benedictines of Cambrai pursued the even tenor of their lives. At times the dearth of resources from England reduced them to sore straits, but Providence did not forsake them, and after periods of anxiety and privation came long years of unbroken peace. Throughout storm and sunshine alike the exiled nuns seem to have lived up to a high standard of perfection and interior prayer, and their house was commonly called the "Paradise." The solid principles of spiritual life had been well rooted in their midst from the very first by the wise direction of the holy monk, Dom Augustine Baker, who wrote some of his valuable treatises for the special use of the Cambrai community.

When, in 1793, the great Revolution broke over France, sweeping away political and religious institutions in its onward course, the English nuns were called upon to put into practice the lessons of heroism, of which the martyrs and confessors of their own country had in past times afforded them so bright an example.

After enduring many vexations, these Benedictines, twenty-one in number, were arrested on October 18th, 1793, and removed from Cambrai to Compiègne. The journey lasted five days and proved to be a veritable *Via Dolorosa*. They wore their black habits and veils, travelled in open carts, and were insulted and reviled by the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed. On one occasion the guards who attended them, fearing that they would be torn to pieces, lent them cloaks, and advised them to tie coloured handkerchiefs over their black veils, in order to conceal their religious dress. At last, on October 23rd, the weary English nuns arrived at Compiègne, where they were conducted to a former Visitation Convent that now served as a prison. Here they were treated with great harshness, deprived of the commonest necessities of life, and fed mainly on dry bread and water.¹

¹ Our readers may be interested in knowing the names of the Benedictine prisoners. They were the Lady Abbess, Mary Blyde ; Dames Joan Alexander, Frances Sheldon, Louisa Hogan, Anselma Anne, Teresa Walmsley, Anne Joseph Knight, Margaret

One unexpected joy came to them when two monks of their own Order, Fathers Walker and Higginson, who had been arrested in the chaplain's quarters of the Abbey of Cambrai some days previously to themselves, were transferred to the Compiègne prison, together with Mr. Roper, a friend of the community. Ere long, however, the foul air and scanty food caused a fever to break out among the prisoners, and between January and April, 1794, Father Walker, who was enfeebled by age, and four of the nuns were carried off by illness. God, in His goodness, seems to have singled out the chosen victims from amongst those whose families had most markedly in England furnished martyrs to the gallows, confessors to the faith, priests and nuns to God's Church for many generations. They were Dame Anselma Anne, aged seventy-eight, of the ancient Yorkshire family of Frickley and Burghwallis Castle; Dame Teresa Walmesley of the Westwood line, and Dame Margaret Burgess, aged seventy-three, both born of staunch Lancashire Catholic families; and Sister Anne Pennington, a lay-sister of more humble but not less devoted race in the same county. The latter, in spite of a terrible ulcer in the arm, had rendered indefatigable service to the sick and dying Sisters around her.

Among the surviving nuns is one who deserves special mention, for it is to her accurate account of the events of those years that the Benedictines of Stanbrook and the French Carmelites owe a deep debt of gratitude. This was Dame Anne Teresa Partington, and her manuscript narrative of her own and her Sisters' captivity is among the most carefully prized treasures of the Stanbrook archives.

After relating the hardships suffered by her companions and herself, she goes on to tell how in the month of June of that same year 1794, sixteen Carmelite nuns were brought to the prison and lodged in a room opposite to that occupied by the English Benedictines. We know further, from a letter written some years later by the latter's Lady Abbess, Mary Blyde, that twice, with much fear and difficulty, she was able to converse with the French nuns, whose stay was brought to an abrupt termination some weeks later. On Saturday, July 12th, the Carmelites were informed that they were to be transferred to

Burgess, Anne Teresa Partington, Benedict Partington, Bernard Haggerston, Bernard Barnewell, Agnes Robinson, Mary Teresa Shepherd, and Augustine Shepherd. The lay-sisters were Anne Pennington, Mary Anne Lefeuvre, Magdalen Vimberley, Martha Fryer, Scholastica Caton, Joseph Miller.

Paris, and immediately hurried off into the open carts that stood waiting at the prison door. Dame Anne Teresa Partington relates that she and her Sisters witnessed the departure of their holy fellow-prisoners, and we may imagine that together with their affectionate sympathy for those who were going forth to die, the English nuns, knowing that any day they might be called upon to follow in their footsteps, must have silently renewed their own act of self-oblation. Soon afterwards, they learnt that the Carmelites had been executed on the 17th of July, five days after leaving Compiègne. The increasing harshness of their jailors confirmed the Benedictines in their conviction that ere long they would share the fate of their French Sisters. They were roughly ordered to put aside their religious habit, which was "offensive to republican eyes," and, when they objected that they possessed no other clothes, the mayor of the town, named Scellier, brought them the clothes that had been left in the prison by the martyred Carmelites'. Dame Partington tells us how, in their humility, she and her Sisters thought themselves unworthy to wear the poor garments that had belonged to those whom they revered as martyrs, but having no other clothes, and being prohibited from wearing their Benedictine habit, they took possession of the Carmelites' garments, and continued to wear them for ten months longer. Although the fall and execution of Robespierre, which took place a few days after the martyrdom of the Carmelites, put an end to the worst excesses of the Reign of Terror, the Benedictines remained in prison all through the long dreary winter till April 24th, 1795. They then made their way to Calais, where they embarked early in May for England. During their long imprisonment they had been prevented from giving news to their families, and among those who hurried to meet them on their return to their own country was the brother of Dame Margaret Burgess, who had died in the Compiègne prison. When informed of her fate, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven: "God be thanked," he said, "for making me the brother of a martyr!"

The simple narrative of Dame Anne Teresa Partington, herself a sufferer for the faith and an eye-witness of the events which she related, is borne out in every detail and occasionally supplemented by the French testimonies on the subject. Thus our Benedictine narrator gives us no description of the clothes which her community inherited from the Carmelites, but on this point we gather full particulars from an important publication

by Monsieur Alexandre Sorel. It is called *Les Carmélites de Compiègne devant le tribunal révolutionnaire, 29 Messidor, An II.* (17th July, 1794). The author tells us that a member of the Comité de Surveillance of Compiègne noticed that the Carmelites had left part of their linen and clothes in the prison, and he observed likewise that in the same prison were a number of "Irish" (*sic*) nuns who were still, as he expresses it, "embéguinées, guimpées et revêtues d'habits dont la bigarrure ne peut qu' offusquer des regards républicains"—comically muffled, wimpled and clad in a garb, the motley medley appearance of which could not but be offensive to republican eyes.

At his suggestion, the Comité passed a resolution which put at the disposal of the English nuns: "34 caps, 34 neckerchiefs, 17 bedgowns or jerkins and skirts," adding that "they could not be put to a better or more well founded use." Monsieur Sorel gives the words of the entry as it stands in the register of acts of the Comité de Surveillance.

This decision explains the act of the mayor Scellier, who, as Dame Partington tells us, made over the Carmelites' garments to the Benedictines. He evidently acted in the matter as the delegate of the Comité. There were sufficient clothes to provide for the whole community; for although they had been twenty-one in number at first, death had thinned their ranks and only seventeen remained. The Carmelites had originally numbered seventeen, but one of them, Sœur Marie de l'Incarnation, being absent on business at the time of the arrest of her Sisters, only sixteen were executed. It is clear from what has been said that each English nun entered into possession of a skirt and jerkin, 2 caps and 2 handkerchiefs, and what remains of the Stanbrook relics corresponds to this description. The number of the garments has considerably diminished; we are told by Dame Anne Teresa that, on arriving in England, the Benedictines gave away part of these precious relics to different friends and benefactors, and her testimony on this point is confirmed by that of the Lady Abbess, but the form and texture of the garments that remain show that they formed part of the original store of clothes that the mayor of Compiègne made over to the English prisoners. The Stanbrook relics consist (1) of a jerkin or long jacket, made of coarse linen, with lilac flowers; (2) of a cap of white linen, frilled with cambric; (3) of a sandal, on the sole of which is written in the known handwriting of one of the Cambrai nuns these words: "This sandal

formerly belonged to one of the Carmelite nuns of Compiègne who was guillotined at Paris under Robespierre;" and of a few small remnants of material similar to that of the jacket, but of various colours, red and white.

A question naturally arises: how came the Carmelites to leave their clothes in the Compiègne prison? Upon this point we have the testimony of a contemporary, Sœur Marie de l'Incarnation, who belonged to the Carmelite community. She was, as we have already stated, absent on business at the time of her companions' arrest and, after the Revolution, her chief object in life was to collect evidence regarding those whose crown of martyrdom she so nearly shared. Her notes on the subject were published by Cardinal Villecourt, who had been Vicar General of Sens and Superior of the Carmel of that town, where Sœur Marie de l'Incarnation died in 1836. She tells us that the Carmelites had repeatedly requested their jailors to give them wherewith to wash their clothes, but until the 10th of July their petition had been roughly rejected. On the morning of that day, however, they were at last permitted to wash their poor garments, but the work was barely started when the mayor burst into their room and informed them that the Comité de Sûreté Générale in Paris required their immediate removal to that city. The Prioress, she adds, anxious and distressed at the idea of her Sisters travelling in their dripping clothes, requested permission to send for other garments from the outside. She also petitioned that the nuns might finish their mid-day meal; both requests were harshly rejected. The nuns were then hurried into the carts that stood at the prison gates, and were kept for three hours exposed to the insults of the crowd before beginning their weary journey. The impression of the Stanbrook Benedictines, formed from a close study of documents, is that in order to wash all their clothes, the Carmelites had ventured to resume, for convenience' sake, some part of their religious garb, perhaps only the white mantle, in which, according to contemporary accounts, they were led to execution, a circumstance sufficiently singular to excite attention. Thus, owing to a seemingly trivial incident, they had the consolation of meeting death, clothed in the livery of their Order; but it is probable also that the sight of the proscribed religious habit may have contributed to draw upon their devoted heads the insults of the population of Compiègne while they sat in the carts at the prison doors, waiting for the signal of departure.

This view is further confirmed by the verbal tradition handed down to the present community of Stanbrook by the Cambrai nuns, who, alluding to the precious relics, always spoke of "having got those clothes out of the wash-tub," a familiar expression of which the meaning is now understood.

These simple and poor garments assumed special value in the eyes of their wearers when they heard of the glorious martyrdom of their former owners. Hence on their arrival in England, they generously, as we have stated, bestowed portions of the relics on their friends and benefactors, also, as the sequel proves, on several Carmelite communities. Within the last few years, when the process for the beatification of the Carmelites began, the Stanbrook nuns endeavoured to find out the fate of these valuable relics of the martyred dead. In answer to their inquiries came an interesting communication from the Carmelites of Darlington. In September, 1895, a member of this community unexpectedly came across a parcel containing a piece of fine, white cambric, some other pieces of coarser stuff flowered, some remnants of red and white, and two pieces of sleeves that had evidently belonged to the garment described in the French official report as a *déshabillé*, and in the Stanbrook archives as a jerkin or jacket. Attached to these remnants was an autograph letter addressed to Mother Mary Bernard Houseman, the Prioress of the community in 1794. The writer of the letter was Mary Blyde, the Lady Abbess of the Cambrai nuns, who, after their arrival in England from Compiègne, were established temporarily at Woolton, then at Salford, before settling permanently at Stanbrook. The letter runs as follows :

Honoured Madam,—I received your kind favour by Miss Brown, who arrived here very safe. I am glad to find you and your worthy community are so well placed and happy. Thank God we are also the same. I have sent you some small things that belonged to the Carmelites. I am sorry I have not anything better. Indeed, I have given them almost all away. The clothes we had given us were not those they were executed in, but those they wore before, which they left in the same prison that we were in; and after the people of the town ordered us to put off our habit, they brought us these clothes to put on. They were in a room opposite to us, and we saw them conducted by guards to the door, and set off for Paris. I have had the pleasure of speaking with them twice, though with much fear. I am

sorry you have had some of your community in a bad state of health. Excuse haste.

From your obliged humble servant,

MARY BLYDE,

Abbess unworthy.

Woolton, July 15th.

It may be noticed that the Benedictine Abbess lays stress upon the fact that the clothes that came into her possession were those worn by the Carmelites *before* their execution. Even at this early date, a certain number of errors seem to have been spread respecting the relics; it was even reported that they were the clothes in which the martyrs had been executed. In reality, the white mantles in which they went to the guillotine were most probably buried with them in the common grave of the Picpus cemetery. A venerable priest, Father Carrichon, who was present at several executions, tells us that "each time a head fell, it was thrown with the body *tout habillé*, wearing its clothes, into a cart painted red, and dripping with blood," which conveyed the remains of the victims to the desolate enclosure, where they were thrown into a large pit. This enclosure is now one of the most impressive spots in Paris, and is a place of pilgrimage much frequented by the devout clients of the martyred Carmelites.

The discovery of the relics at Darlington almost coincided with the arrival of a letter from the present Carmelites of Compiègne to their English Sisters, informing them that the process of beatification had lately been commenced in Rome; thus, the value of the relics was still more clearly proclaimed.

A discovery similar to that made at Darlington was made by the Carmelites of Lanherne, who, on searching, found among their possessions a few sheets written at a much later date by one of the Benedictine nuns when they were at Abbot's Salford, a few years before their final removal to Stanbrook in 1838. To this paper were attached two pieces of flowered linen, and a few words explaining that these were cut from the clothes that the martyrs had worn in prison. It has so far been impossible to trace the other garments which, with almost excessive generosity, the Cambrai Benedictines distributed among their friends on landing in England. Perchance, after reading these lines, the members of other communities or of old Catholic families, on searching among their heirlooms, may come across remnants similar to those so often described, and which the process of beatification, now begun in Rome, invests with special value.

It is interesting to notice how, owing to the presence at Compiègne of the English Benedictines, the memory of their fellow-prisoners, the martyred Carmelites, was from the outset revered in England, where their history excited at least as much interest and admiration as in their own country.

One of the first to draw attention to the glorious death of these holy servants of God was the great and good Bishop Milner, then priest at Winchester. In 1795, he began to publish in the *Laity's Directory* a series of articles upon "the sufferings of the English communities under the dominion of the French Republicans," which he continued down to 1800. In the *Directory* for 1796, his article is devoted to the perils of the Cambrai Benedictines, who had only landed in England the previous year, 1795. Bishop Milner must have interviewed the travellers immediately on their arrival, for his article was in type by November, 1795, six months only after the Benedictines landed at Dover, and was published in a separate article before the issue of the *Laity's Directory* for 1796. Although correct in the main, the article contains several minor errors which are carefully rectified in the Stanbrook copy by Dame Anne Teresa Partington. The care with which this faithful eye-witness has corrected even the smallest inaccuracies is a new proof of the implicit faith that can be placed in her own narrative. We may picture to ourselves how eagerly zealous Dr. Milner questioned the newly-arrived Benedictines, and how the travellers, who perchance still wore the *deshabillés* of the martyred Carmelites, related as the most striking feature of their imprisonment their short but memorable acquaintance with St. Teresa's heroic daughters. Thus it happened that only sixteen months after its occurrence their martyrdom was duly recorded in print by an English priest. Dame Anna Teresa's own manuscript was probably written, or at least completed, about the same date, 1796 or 1797. One copy exists at Stanbrook, another at Stonyhurst.

The Carmelites' heroic death is mentioned in several other books published in England about the same period. Thus, *Piety Exemplified*, by the Rev. B. Rayment, 1808, contains a page on the subject. The second edition of the *Life of Madame Louise de France* has (pp. 112—115, b. iii.) a note treating of the same subject, the matter of which is said to have been furnished by the Carmelites of Cocken Hall (now of Darlington). In the *Weekly Orthodox Journal*, by William Andrews, 1834,

vol. iii., July 19th to December 27th, page 39, the "Brief Narrative" of Dame Anne Teresa Partington is published, with a few alterations. Finally, in the continuation volume by Charles Butler, of the Rev. A. Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, 1823, in the Appendix, p. 56, the writer praises the heroic deaths of certain nuns, without however naming the Carmelites. In the "Notices of English Colleges and Convents, established on the Continent after the dissolution of religious houses in England," by the late Hon. Edward Petre, 1848, a few lines occur on the subject of the Carmelites, the information being derived chiefly from Dr. Milner's work, with some additions from other sources. In Father Formby's *Church History*, written in 1885, a paper and illustrations are devoted to the Carmelites. In all these notices, Dr. Milner's included, certain inaccuracies occur which, although apparently trivial to a casual reader, might have seriously affected the possibility of valuable evidence in some important historical links needed by the ecclesiastical judges in the cause of beatification, had not the Stanbrook archives been available. Nevertheless, these different notices have, in their own way, rendered useful service to the same holy cause, inasmuch as they prove that during the last hundred years the memory of the Carmelite martyrs has been honoured in England, and this by means of their English fellow-prisoners, who became in the designs of Providence the guardians of their memory as well as the happy possessors of their relics.

It has pleased God within the last few years to manifest the glory of the martyred nuns by numerous and striking proofs of the value of their intercession. Many cures of apparently hopeless diseases have rewarded the faith of their clients. We give a few of them as they have been reported to us, without wishing to anticipate the judgment on their character which it will be the duty of the ecclesiastical judges to form after a searching examination and hearing of competent witnesses.

Among the happy recipients of these favours, the first was a little French child, the nephew of one of the present Carmelites of Compiègne, who, in 1895, was seized with two equally grave maladies. The physician had formally declared that "there was no possibility of recovery," but his sorrowing mother suddenly bethought herself of recommending her boy to the prayers of the Compiègne community. The nuns sent

her a picture and a tiny relic of the martyrs, and joined her in a novena. Before it was ended, a total and inexplicable change had taken place in the child's condition, all danger having completely disappeared. The boy has since enjoyed perfect health. The following year, 1896, an almost similar occurrence took place in England. Again a little child was the happy object of the martyrs' protection, and this time the *petit miraculé*, as the French nuns affectionately call him, was connected with the martyrs' fellow-prisoners, the English Benedictines. His great-grand-aunt, Dame Anselma Anne, a holy Religious, much revered and beloved by her Sisters, died in prison at Compiègne during the dreary winter of 1793-94. In April, 1896, more than a century after his venerable relative had breathed her last among the hardships of her French prison, little Crathorne Anne lay at the point of death in the house of one of his aunts in England. The physician had given up all hopes of saving him, when, on April 23rd, his mother received from the Benedictines of Stanbrook a relic and a picture of the martyrs. She immediately began a novena, but the child's condition seemed to get gradually worse, until one day when, while his mother, leaning over his little bed, softly sang the prayers of the novena, he fell asleep, which he had not done for weeks. From that moment the alarming symptoms began to decrease, and before the end of the novena they entirely vanished. The Protestant doctor openly expressed his astonishment at this "most unusual occurrence." "I shall always believe," adds the happy mother, "that the Carmelites of Compiègne cured our little boy, the change having taken place at the very moment when I was praying for him." The same year, 1896, a cure no less remarkable than that of little Crathorne was obtained in the south of France at a Carmelite convent, where a nun, Sister A. de St. B., was afflicted with a complication of diseases, among which was dropsy. For many months she had not left her bed; two physicians had declared the case to be utterly hopeless when, in May, 1896, the nuns received a circular from the Carmelites of Compiègne informing them that a portion of the martyrs' relics had been received from Stanbrook.

This incident suggested the idea of a novena to the martyrs, which was made by the community and in which the sick nuns joined. The first novena brought a slight improvement; the second, a radical, and we venture to add, a miraculous change. On the seventh day the patient was able to sleep, the

next day the swelling disappeared ; the ninth day, the Sister, who had not left her bed for months, rose, walked down to the chapel without assistance and received Holy Communion with the community. Since then she has enjoyed good health. The doctor's opinion was distinctly expressed : " Humanly speaking," he said, " the invalid's recovery was hopeless ; we were powerless to cure her."

Scarcely less wonderful was the recovery of a Carmelite nun, Sister Martha of St. Joseph ; she was afflicted with abscesses in the leg that caused her unutterable discomfort and pain ; these healed suddenly and completely in December, 1897, during a third novena to the martyred Carmelites. Only last year, in May, 1899, a Franciscan nun at Montmorillon was cured of cancer in the stomach at the close of a novena to the same holy servants of God.

It would be too long to enumerate the spiritual and temporal favours, of which detailed accounts, with due mention of names and dates, are lying before us as we write these lines. From New Orleans and Hanoi, from England and from Spain, from different parts of France, pour in letters that record the marvellous answers to prayer that have been received by the martyrs' clients. Souls won back to the true faith, anxious hearts comforted and made calm, temporal perils dispelled, as well as hopeless invalids restored to health, such are the tangible proofs of the Carmelites' power with God. All these favours are carefully noted by Mgr. de Teil, the zealous postulator of the cause, and they evidently pave the way to the future canonization of our dear martyrs.

Before ending a paper that treats chiefly of the relics of the saintly victims of 1794, we must mention those that are now preserved at the Carmelite Convent of Compiègne. Within the last few years the daughters of St. Teresa have returned to the town, whence a century ago their holy predecessors went forth to die. Their convent is a new building, standing on high ground, close to the magnificent forest, once the favourite hunting-ground of the Imperial Court. When, on a bright April day, we visited Compiègne, the little town lay silent and sleepy in the sunshine. We passed up the principal street, where certain old houses, with pointed gables, may have witnessed the departure of the sixteen Religious, who, on the 12th of July, 1794, left Compiègne for Paris. Apart, almost within the forest, stands the convent, where the Mother Prioress kindly showed

us her treasures. First, the tiny wooden statue of our Lady, which each nun pressed to her lips before ascending the scaffold, and we reverently knelt before the little image, the silent confidant and consoler of those heroic souls in their hour of agony. Then we were shown the relics, which in 1895 were sent to Compiègne by Lady Gertrude d'Aurillac Dubois, the Abbess of Stanbrook, who generously gave the representatives of the martyrs part of the precious garments that had been in possession of her community since 1794. Singularly enough, these valuable relics of their dead Sisters were brought to the Compiègne Religious on May 2nd, 1895, and the Cambrai Benedictines, wearing these same garments, had crossed over to England on the 2nd of May, 1795.

The renewal, after the lapse of a century, of sisterly greetings between the communities of Stanbrook and Compiègne, was a source of deep interest to the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook, whose holy life was even then drawing to a close.¹ According to those who knew her best, in her seemed to revive the great gifts and graces that in past days had distinguished Lady Catherine Gascoigne, Abbess of Cambrai, and the brave and patient sufferers of the Compiègne prison. It was perhaps a kindred spirit of self-sacrifice that drew her so strongly towards the martyred Carmelites, that made her so eager to promote their glory, to honour their memory, and to serve their cause. The relics which the Compiègne community owe to her large-hearted generosity consist in half a sandal and part of a linen garment of white stuff with lilac flowers.

While behind their curtain the good Carmelites enlarged with affectionate gratitude on the kindness of the English nuns, we thought of the loving and mysterious dealings of God's Providence. In past days of peril and sorrow, He brought together for purposes of His own the English Benedictines and the French Carmelites, and now, owing to that meeting, the present representatives of the Cambrai community have become the chief witnesses in the process of canonization of the French martyrs. If, as seems probable, the sixteen Carmelites are raised to the altars of the Church, the glad *Te Deum* that will rise from the Compiègne Convent will be echoed with scarcely less fervour across the sea on English soil, in the quiet cloisters of Stanbrook.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

¹ She died October 19th, 1897.

*Cambridge Patristic Texts.*¹

A MAN might be slow to confess the fact that some Orations of an ancient Father, which had in vain appealed to him from the label on the back of an old folio, had won several hours of his study when they were presented in octavo, within the compass of less than 200 pages, which pages were enriched by English notes and bound in blue with golden lettering. Such, however, are the attractions under which Dr. Mason has offered to the English public some of St. Gregory Nazianzen's discourses, and we hope that he will draw, whether by their aid or not, a large number of readers. For St. Gregory is personally an interesting character, and the five Orations here published apart are instructive in very many ways, and are upon the most important subject about which a Doctor of the Church can speak.

Gregory, whose inclination was for a life of piety and study, found himself driven time after time into the life of publicity with responsibilities from which he shrank. In 361, yielding to the solicitations of the people and of his own father, he reluctantly allowed the latter, who was Bishop of Nazianzus, to ordain him priest; and in 370, once more under pressure, he allowed himself to be made Bishop of Sasima in order to please his friend St. Basil, who at the time was creating some new sees for the purpose of resisting the encroachments of Anthimus, the Bishop of Tyana. For when the Emperor Valens divided Cappadocia into two civil provinces, Anthimus thought it right that there should thereupon be started a second metropolitan see, and that his own should assume that dignity by the side of Cæsarea. Both place and people at Sasima were to Gregory so intolerable that he speedily abandoned his charge and returned to Nazianzus. There he became a sort of coadjutor to his father, but would not consent

¹ *The Five Theological Orations of Gregory of Nazianzus.* Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by A. J. Mason, D.D., &c. 1899.

to taking up the right of succession ; nevertheless, on his father's death, 373 or 374, he administered the diocese for a short time, fleeing from the post in 375. A still heavier burden was overhanging him, as he found when in 379 he was summoned to Constantinople to rescue, if possible, that distracted capital from the hands of the Arians, who under Valens had got all things into their power. Not one of the public churches was at the disposal of Gregory ; he had to make a place of worship out of a private residence, which was called the *Anastasia*, in the hope that it would prove the means of a resurrection from the death which Arianism had brought into the city. The Emperor Theodosius entering Constantinople in 380, openly took the side of orthodoxy, and by forcible means transferred to Gregory a proper church—probably the Church of the Apostles. Under imperial protection the Saint was able to deliver those five discourses which Dr. Mason has edited, and which display Gregory on his strong side : for as a preacher he was influential, while as an administrator he was ineffective. During the short time that he held his position his words were those of power, producing abundant fruits ; but the eloquent voice was speedily silenced by a combination of misfortunes. The Second Œcumenical Council met at Constantinople in 381, under the presidency of Meletius, whose name is connected with a long and complicated schism at Antioch. It was the earnest wish of Gregory, as it was the agreement between two of the contending parties, that at the death of Meletius, Paulinus should be allowed to continue in office and to become sole Bishop of Antioch ; but the Council, when Meletius died, elected Flavian his successor, whereat Gregory felt much aggrieved. He was further harassed by a party of Egyptian and Macedonian Bishops who opposed the action whereby he had been nominated in the Council as Bishop of Constantinople. At first he had acted only as Bishop *in* Constantinople. The factious prelates were not ashamed to set up against Gregory a most extraordinary adventurer, Maximus or Heron, a Cynic philosopher, who had played a bold game to satisfy his own ambition, and had run a course which some might read of with incredulity. He is described by his assailants as a man of low origin and disreputable youth, who, bearing the traces of a felon's punishments still upon him, managed to convey the impression that he belonged to a family of martyrs and was himself a great and much-suffering champion of the faith.

He deceived Peter of Alexandria and St. Ambrose; Gregory so thoroughly believed in him as to preach his panegyric at Constantinople in glowing terms. The crisis came when Maximus caused himself finally to be ordained Bishop of Constantinople in a turbulent fashion. It was painful to Gregory in the Synod to have an adventurer of this sort set up against himself; and though the Council in its fourth canon declared the usurpation to be of no effect, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted. After a farewell address Gregory left Constantinople; a little more administrative work awaited him in the see of Nazianzus; and then came his retirement into the solitude which he so much loved, and which he kept till his death in 389—390.

Before we turn to the Five Theological Orations, we do well to notice the strangeness of many things in the Church of these rough times, if we take as normal the more settled conditions of our own days. Only upon one of the points of contrast shall a remark be made, namely, the scandal of heresy, the dominance which Arianism, under imperial protection, had won for itself. It may lessen the shock if we advert to the fact that not all who more or less fell into Arian snares were really guilty of heresy. Gregory of Nazianzus, the father of our Saint, a man of good disposition, had somehow been led into the snare of putting his signature to a formula of Arianism. It was a like subscription that at last alienated St. Basil from his Bishop Dianius, another well-intentioned but not clear-sighted prelate—who seems to have done in his simplicity things which would have been very sinful in one adequately trained in theology. St. Basil had borne with his long disloyalty to St. Athanasius; but the signing of the Arian formula was too much for him, though it did not prevent him in the end from obeying a summons to the sick-bed of Dianius, who avowed that in his acts he had never intended to depart from the faith defined at Nicæa. In his fifty-first letter St. Basil denies that he ever went so far as to anathematize his ill-informed Bishop. Like Dianius, many others Arianized without being aware of what they were doing; their hearts were sound but they lacked knowledge, and in the circumstances of the times we find the excuse for their ignorance.

We of this later age, who with comparative ease learn in the schools the use of a fixed terminology in regard to the Trinity, forget that our accuracy is not our own, but the bequest

to us of the labours that have gone to build up our systematized knowledge. We easily overlook the want of opportunity for scientific training from which even many Bishops suffered in early days. Minute correctness as to time being here unimportant, we may be content with the following dates, which at least are approximations. St. Cyprian was converted in 246; in 248 he was Bishop of Carthage; he was a fugitive from the Decian persecution in 250—251; in 258 he was beheaded. In 370 St. Ambrose was made consular prefect in Northern Italy with Milan for its capital; in 374 he was suddenly called to be Bishop of Milan, and had to be baptized in preparation for assuming the office.¹ Baptism in like emergency had to be administered to Nectarius, the successor of St. Gregory of Nazianzus at Constantinople, who was suddenly taken from high office in the State to become a leading Churchman. Similarly, the metropolitan see of Ptolemais, was filled in 410 by Synesius, a man who had been a listener to the lectures of Hypatia, whose activity had been largely given to the pleasures of the country and of family life, and who protested that his sort of philosophical studies and his discharge of private duties had not qualified him for the post which he unwillingly consented to fill as Bishop. These examples suffice to remind us that the Church of Christ has had to develop her constitutions by degrees, and that in the primitive ages we are not to look for that fulness of evolution which now-a-days we take as a matter of course. The faith has not changed, but the manner of educating its teachers and of setting it forth has improved. Hence, if a study of the life led by St. Gregory Nazianzus shows the existence in his time of many defects in organization and errors in doctrine with which he had to contend, and from which his own better training had liberated himself, we have no need to be shocked at the revelation. An utterly false notion may get possession of the mind of a reader who is unprepared to judge the then state of Christendom, because he lacks a knowledge of its circumstances. When these are

¹ St. Ambrose did his best to avoid the dignity, using for that purpose some devices which rather surprise us. He distinctly avowed his own want of training in theology, a defect which he at once sought to remedy by beginning to study under a priest, Simplicianus of Rome. (Ep. 63, *De Penit.* ii. 8.) To the case of St. Ambrose may be likened that of Eusebius, the predecessor of St. Basil at Cappadocian Cæsarea. In him the Emperor Julian grumbled at suddenly losing an able administrator, who however proved less able as a bishop, and had in the end to rely on his priest Basil to furnish the knowledge needful for the discharge of episcopal duties.

appreciated, the mind is led rather to admire than to condemn the ways of Providence, which, amid human resources so defective, manifest to the careful observer the hand of Him who had founded the Church on a rock that it might never be destroyed.

An illustration of what we mean by need of making large allowances for the earlier stages of Christian development may be taken from the fifth of the Theological Orations of St. Gregory, from which Dr. Martineau, in his very misleading book, *The Seat of Authority*, makes a quotation with the purpose of showing that the doctrine of the Trinity was quite a late importation into the Christian creed:¹ "How little concord had been reached respecting the Third Person of the Trinity more than fifty years after the Council of Nicæa, Gregory Nazianzen tells us in these words: *Of our thoughtful men some regard the Holy Ghost as an operation, some as a creature, some as God; while others are at a loss to decide, seeing that Scripture determines nothing on the subject.*"² In the first place there is a fault here in the translation which would lead the reader to suppose that all this variety of opinion was to be found among the best thinkers, "the thoughtful men," of the Church. But in the original there is evidently an ironical sense conveyed in the words, τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς σοφῶν, and this is made all the more evident by what follows close upon them, namely the mention, ἄλλων σοφωτέρων, whose opinion Gregory obviously considers as foolish. In chapter vii. he again attacks οἱ σοφοί. As to the *belief* itself in the Holy Ghost, we are well aware that it had to work its way slowly into clear and universal recognition, by a process which various writers, and in our own country Mr. Swete, have been at the pains to trace out in detail. St. Basil, aware of a difficulty in some quarters, avoided the express declaration, "the Holy Ghost is God," while he unmistakably taught this truth in words less liable to be received by the weak or wavering in a dissatisfied spirit. In the heresy of the Macedonians, condemned at the Second Œcumenical Council, the question was brought to a plain issue and settled for all time (if we may believe the report made at the Council of Chalcedon), in the Creed which declared the Holy Ghost worthy of one worship with the Father and the

¹ P. 154.

² In chapters xii. and xxi. Gregory contests the assertion that "Scripture determines nothing."

Son, which was just the reversal of what, according to Sozomenos, was the watchword of the Macedonians, that the Holy Ghost being "the servant of the Father and the Son was not of one dignity with them and not to be honoured in the same degree."¹ How thoroughly St. Gregory, in his own time, regarded the question settled concerning the divinity of the Holy Ghost is evident from what he says of the charge of Tritheism brought against those who, like himself, asserted that the Father is God, the Son God, and the Holy Ghost God; for while undertaking to answer this difficulty he does so under protest that he is consenting once more to slay the slain. *Στένω μὲν ὅτι πάλαι τεθνηκὸς ζήτημα καὶ τῇ πίστει παραχωρήσαν νῦν ἀνακαινίζεται.*²

Having premised so much by way of introduction, we may now proceed to a few practical observations suggested by the *Theological Discourses*, while we disclaim anything like a full analysis of their contents.

I.

The first of the five Orations called "Theological," because of their special reference to God, is largely given to deprecating controversy such as was carried on by the Arians, and especially by those Arians of the extreme type, the Eunomians. The founder of the sect was Aetius, whose disciple, Eunomius, was raised by Eudoxius to be Bishop of Cyzicus in Mæsia. Eudoxius, with Eusebius and Macedonius, formed the line of the heretical predecessors of Gregory at Constantinople. The watchword of the party was *Anomoios*, whereby it denied that *likeness* of nature between Father and Son which the more moderate Arians had set up against the orthodox assertion of *identity in nature*. It was *ἀνόμοιος* in contradiction to both *ὁμοιούσιος* and *ὁμοούσιος*, terms which, as Carlyle came finally to acknowledge, concerned something deeper than the question of a diphthong. The Anomœans were, if we may shelter the adverb under the dignity of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, "plaguily" disputatious; they became such a nuisance that, as St. Gregory complains,³ "every market-place resounds with their words; every dinner-party is spoiled by their ill-bred talkativeness; as for festivals and funerals, all festivity is

¹ *H.E.* iv. 27. So St. Gregory argues the divinity of the Holy Ghost from the prayer and the adoration offered to Him. (Orat. v. 12: ἡ τοῦ ἐνὸς προσκύνῃς τῶν τριῶν ἐστὶ προσκύνῃς, διὰ τὸ ἐν τοῖς τρισὶν ὁμότιμον τῆς ἀξίας.)

² Orat. v. 13.

³ Orat. i. 2.

banished from the former, and the latter become cheerful things in comparison with the misfortune of having to listen to the arguments of the Anomœans; even the women's apartments, the natural abodes of what is simple and unaffected, are all made wretched and robbed of the flower of their modesty. Our Great Mystery is in danger of becoming a matter of niceties in technical terms." St. Gregory protests first against the scandal thus given to the heathen. Men bring to the hearing of a discussion their own preconceived notions, and this being so, imagine how the pagans will pervert Christian doctrine when having their minds filled with the extravagances and the abominations of their own mythology, they bring these into connexion with the doctrine of the Trinity, which the sectaries freely discuss in their hearing. Thus the heathen was encouraged to retort upon the Christian those gibes which the latter employed to discredit polytheism. Controversy, adds Gregory, is not the one way to Heaven; many other subjects usefully claim the attention of those who profess to follow Christ. Indeed it is absurd for the crowd to claim a controversial power which presupposes a knowledge of theology, and therefore a proficiency that is not to be had on the spur of the moment whenever a man feels inclined to play the controversialist. Not only is study needful, as in the case of profane sciences, but moral qualities are also necessary, for the ground is sacred and can safely be trodden by the pure alone.

It does not belong to every man, certainly not to every man, that he should undertake to discourse philosophically of God (*τὸ περὶ θεοῦ φιλοσοφεῖν*); for the matter is not so easy and not so proper to be submitted for judgment to groundlings (*οἱ χαμαὶ ἐρχόμενοι*). I will add also that it is not suitable to every time and place; it requires chosen seasons and chosen persons, and a fitting measure. As to the suitability of persons, they ought to be select men who are adepts in study, and who have prepared for their studies by purifying their souls and their bodies, or who at least are engaged seriously in this work of purgation. It may be as dangerous for the impure to handle what is pure as it is for those with weak eyes to gaze upon the sun when it is shining brilliantly. Next as to fitness of season. The right time is when we are free from outer defilement and distraction, when we are quiet and our higher faculties are not upset by wrong and misleading images. Beyond a doubt it is your duty to withdraw into yourselves that you may acquire the knowledge of God (*Psalm xlv. 11: "Vacate et videte quoniam ego sum Deus"*), and when you have found the leisure you must decide what is the correct judgment to form about

God. Lastly as to the hearers to whom we must speak. They must be persons who are in good earnest over the subject and who do not trifle over it as they would over any common topic, after they have been to the circus or the theatre, or the music-hall, and have indulged their appetites of eating and drinking and the baser concupiscences of the flesh. Individuals of this sort make religious controversy a variety in their pleasure-seeking; they find a pleasure in flippant talk and in neatly-framed objections.¹

It would be unfair to say that the characteristics here enumerated mark all assailants of the Christian doctrine concerning God and His triple Personality; but, at least, St. Gregory here delivers a much called-for rebuke to those who dabble so inconsiderately in what they style "the religious question." With a large class serious study is the exception, and not the rule; the cheap method of reading an article in a review takes the place of real investigation. Conversation on sacred things is free and easy; the smoking-room quite answers in dignity of place to the tone of the discussion, and faith is lost, because it is staked almost with the recklessness of a gambler. Pride is allowed to have influence in the settlement of questions which can prudently be decided only under the safeguard of humility. Not, therefore, without a justification may the plea be raised for a return to the principles which St. Gregory, with all the sad ravages of the Arian heresy before him, urged upon his contemporaries as necessary amid the religious confusion of his times—those very evil days upon which to his sorrow he had fallen.

II.

Whereas Arius had, like the Gnostics and the Neo-Platonists, declared God to be quite an abyss of mystery which man cannot know, Eunomius went to the opposite extreme, and argued that because God is a simple essence, those who know Him at all, know Him entirely. One gain to his own cause from this doctrine was that he cut off from his adversaries their refuge in the incomprehensibility of the generation whereby the Son proceeds from the Father. He said that which has no parts cannot be known in part, and therefore there is no partial knowledge of God. His claim, according to Epiphanius, was, "I know God as well as I know myself," or, according to Socrates,² "God knows no more about His own essence than we do"—ὁ Θεὸς περὶ τῆς ἑαυτοῦ οὐσίας οὐδὲν πλέον ἡμῶν ἐπίσταται.

¹ Orat. i. 3.

² H.E. iv. 7.

Against such an extravagant claim from the side of Eunomius, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, and St. Gregory of Nazianzus entered the lists; and their conflict was all the more difficult, because Eunomius at the same time reduced his comprehensive knowledge of God to negative terms. The essence of God, he said, is ingenerability, *οὐσία ἀγέννητος*, and God is describable by the rejection of all created attributes. Somewhat of a similar paradox was found later in the *Docta Ignorantia* of Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa.

We must bear in mind the claim of Eunomius to comprehend God, if we would not misinterpret St. Gregory of Nazianzus in those passages of his second oration, which may seem to deny that our knowledge of God is positive, and to affirm our condition to be that of ascertaining only *that* God is without knowing *what* He is.¹ If we knew nothing of what God is, it would be next to useless to insist on knowledge that He is; for to assert the existence of something wholly unknowable would make an all too poor basis for a creed. It is the complete comprehensive knowledge of God that Gregory repudiates; his contention is clearly stated: τὸ μὴ ληπτὸν εἶναι ἀνθρωπίνη διανοίᾳ τὸ Θεῖον, μηδὲ ὅλον ὅσον ἐστὶ φαντάζεσθαι.² Only from the analogy of human things and by inferences do we gather whatever we naturally know about the Divine nature; and such a process so clearly leaves more unrevealed than it reveals, that many have preferred to insist on the defective side, and to call our knowledge of God ignorance. It is clear that St. Gregory wishes to insist on the fact that in this world we must be content with a very imperfect apprehension of what God is as to Nature and Personality. Here, again, is a lesson most useful for our own time. Many now-a-days take up the Agnostic attitude, not because they fail to recognize an Author of the Universe, but because they feel bewildered in their attempt to form a conception of Him in their minds. After their best endeavours they get frightened at the anthropomorphic character of their representation as though man could expect to reach an idea in no sense anthropomorphic when he tries to think of a superior being. Even that inferior order of pure spirits, the angels, can be thought of by us only after the analogy of our own spirituality, that is, anthropomorphically. Still more must our thoughts about God rest on analogies. These, however, do really reach their object, in spite of the fact that their way is indirect

¹ Orat. ii. 5.² Orat. ii. 11.

and ends in imperfect attainment. We know God's nature not as an object which we see with our eyes, but as that which we infer from its outer manifestations ; and though these latter are not facsimiles of the original, though they belong to quite an inferior order of being, nevertheless, they are sufficient indications as to the nature of their cause. God could not create anything wholly unlike Himself ; for He is the prototype of all possible existence, and cannot leave His works so that they have upon them no stamp of their Maker, nothing from which an intelligent observer on earth can argue what their originator must be. Yet precisely because the images are so many, while God is a simple essence, we who know only by means of images can form no strictly proper concept of Him ; and the simplicity whence Eunomius inferred the comprehensiveness of our knowledge is more correctly taken by St. Gregory as implying lack of comprehensiveness on our part.

Do you not apply to God, the First Principle, such names as spirit, fire, light, love, wisdom, justice, mind, word ? But where is the justification ? Can you conceive a spirit free from movement and effusion ? Or a fire that is not material, and has neither colour nor shape ? Or light that is not mingled with the air, and that does not, as it were, leave its source ? And what is your conception of intellect ? Is it not that of a faculty which is inherent in some substance, and thinks by way of movements, whether silent or expressed outwardly in words ? And what word have we, except that which abides quietly within us, or which is poured out in sound, I shrink from saying utterly dissolved ? And what wisdom have we, except that which is formed as a habit of the mind, and busies itself in speculations divine or human ? Again, our justice and our charity, do they not dwell in us as mere dispositions, laudable indeed, but still dispositions, which have their opposites in injustice and hatred, and are subject to variations in their degree, as bodies are subject to change in the colours which they take ? Are we then to free ourselves from all these imperfect modes of knowledge, and go as near as we can to the vision of God as He is in Himself, forming a representation of Him out of the several symbols that are at our command ? But how can we rise above the elements which we use in the composition ? How can that which is essentially one, simple, and without its like, be expressed by the whole collection of our images, even after we have brought each to the perfection of its own kind ? Thus does our mind labour to transcend things corporeal, and to reach things purely spiritual, making an effort beyond its powers of speculation.¹

¹ Orat. ii. 13.

St. Gregory adds, that rather than be baffled of its endeavour to have an immediate perception of God, men make gods of the things which they see, thereby falling into shameful idolatry. Acquiescence in our own limitations and use of such powers as we really possess, are the means of attaining to that imperfect knowledge of God, at which by our nature we are morally bound to arrive.

But what about a divine revelation stepping in and going beyond nature, and exacting of us the belief in what are strictly the mysteries of God's Being, His Trinity in Unity? Again the difficulty is the same: we are called upon to supply for the defect of higher powers by the use of analogies. Revelation does not change the manner of working proper to our faculties: it leaves us limited by sense and sense-bound intelligence. We have to contrive means of knowing by images what we cannot see in its own nature. Some might hence be misled into denying that any mystery is really revealed: they might uphold that the mystery is left undiscovered precisely because it is an object disproportionate to our means of intelligence, and we cease, for example, to know what Sonship, Spiration, and Procession mean when applied to the eternal motionless Trinity. The truth is, we know what these terms mean in God analogically, not in strict propriety. And this is all that St. Gregory means when he says somewhat in a bantering tone: "What, then, is *procession*? you will ask. Do you, please, describe to me how the Father is ingenerate (τῆν ἀγεννησίαν τοῦ Πατρὸς), and I will give you the scientific account of the Son's generation and of the Holy Ghost's procession, and we shall both be stricken with madness¹ for prying into the secrets of the Deity. How so? Because we who cannot understand the common things that lie at our feet, who cannot number the sands of the sea, or the drops of rain, or the days of eternity, are still less able to penetrate the abyss of the Godhead and to give a reasoned account of the nature which is above reason."²

III.

We will notice only one more matter in connexion with Gregory's theological discourses, namely, the subject of development in doctrine. His friend, St. Basil, had got into some

¹ Orat. v. 8. Another reading has the subjunctive, παραληκτίσωμεν. Dr. Mason adopts it.

² Orat. v. 8.

trouble because of the economy which he practised in not calling the Holy Ghost plainly God, though he used expressions which obviously signified the strictly Divine nature of the Holy Ghost. St. Gregory had no such reticence. It was his lot to be present at the first Council of Constantinople, where, in opposition to Macedonius, the same vindication is said to have been made for the Third Person which the Council of Nicæa had made for the Second. We should be all ready to allow for some slowness in the clear recognition of the equality between the three Persons, for it was very natural that the idea of Procession should carry with it some element of dependence or inferiority in the minds of Christians not yet driven by stress of heresy to formulate their doctrine with perfect distinctness. Even in our own days those who have not made a special study of theology, or who have not been thoroughly well drilled in Catechism, or who in later life have forgotten the lessons of youth, may very easily be betrayed into expressions that can be construed into heretical propositions regarding the Blessed Trinity. Development certainly has its place in dogma; but its position is exaggerated by some writers who, affirming that every age has to re-state the old truths in a new form, so fashion the latter that a comparison of statement and re-statement leaves us no choice except to consider one or both as untrue because of their mutual contradiction. Mr. Rashdall, in his sermon on the *Historic Christ*, supposes a development in reference to the doctrine concerning Jesus Christ, which does dishonour to the earliest ages of the Church.

It is true no doubt that the traditional doctrines about the Person of Christ may none the less be true—may none the less represent the inferences which ought logically to be drawn from the facts presented by the Gospel history—because as a matter of fact they were not explicitly drawn till a later date. But the advocates of doctrinal development seem sometimes to forget that the value of the development must after all, in part at least, depend upon the conception of the historical facts which were formed by people who drew these inferences. Now it can hardly be seriously denied that in certain respects the picture which the fourth century formed to itself of the nature of Christ's personality was an unhistorical picture. More and more as the environment of Christ's historical life receded in the background, the key was lost to much in Christ's teaching which with our richer historical knowledge and our developed instinct of historical reconstruction, we may hope to understand. The historic Christ more and more disappeared from man's view, and was superseded by a

metaphysical Christ, whose Humanity was indeed acknowledged in word, but who lacked all the attributes of humanity which we know. If He was still a Man, He was a completely non-natural Man.¹

This is no doubt a mild claim for development if compared with the theory which says that the first ages simply did not recognize the Divinity of Christ, and that this dogma was quite a later evolution of thought—in fact a new doctrine; nevertheless, what Mr. Rashdall asserts of the almost complete loss of hold upon the truly human character of Christ cannot be taken as literally true of the Church at large. Such a theory of development would not come within the limits contemplated by St. Gregory in his fifth Oration.

Let us turn to this discourse, and to its chapters 25—28. The speaker calls attention to the gradual nature of the process whereby first the Mosaic Law was imposed, and afterwards the Christian Law, as the fulfilment of the Mosaic on a higher level.

What is violently imposed on a man is not the effect of his will, and because it is not voluntary it is not lasting; it speaks rather of tyranny than of the benignity proper to God. Customs that have been ingrained in a race by the usages of successive generations cannot at once be shaken off; and so Christ bore patiently with the Jews when He called upon them to change their law for another. The books of Scripture themselves show how progressive was revelation. The Old Testament clearly declared the Father, not clearly the Son; the New Testament makes manifest the Son, but shows less plainly the Godhead of the Holy Ghost. Now-a-days the Holy Ghost dwells among us, giving us a more luminous view of Himself. Before the Godhead of the Father was fully confessed, it was not safe openly to preach the Godhead of the Son; and again while the Son's Divinity did not appear in clear light, the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, if I may speak somewhat boldly, could not safely be added as a burden on the belief of Christians.

The meaning is not that in the beginning there was no preaching of the Divinity of Son and of Holy Ghost; but that in regard to the common people it was prudent to hold in reserve articles of faith and not force all at once upon the attention of minds incapable of taking in everything together. Even in our own age there are dull auditors upon whom we should not urge fully the details of the Trinity; we should be content with the acceptance of Three Persons in One God without probing into the exact ideas which lay at the back of the verbal confession.

¹ *Doctrine and Development*, p. 94.

Thus you see [continues St. Gregory] that light dawns upon us by degrees, and that we must neither proclaim everything at once, nor keep secret always, the mystery of the Divine Processions. The former conduct would argue lack of prudence and skill in teaching, the latter would be wicked concealment. Christ kept back from His disciples things which He felt that they could not bear at the time; but He told them that the Holy Ghost would afterwards unveil all things.

Thus it is that Gregory explains how progress in acceptance is possible in regard to a creed which was delivered in the fulness of its substance before the last Apostle died. It is obvious in the light of history that many details which we regard as matters of course, not only in the doctrine of the Trinity, but also in that of Papal power, or of episcopal Order, or of the sacraments generally, were not taken for granted by the contemporaries of St. Gregory, nor even by generations long subsequent. The seed had been sown and the tree had appeared in its definite outlines; but many features were still indistinct, which time was to bring to fulness of growth, and into a shape that all could recognize. In this sense is the Church *semper eadem*, always the same, not without fuller development of features as age succeeds to age in the progress towards eternity.

J. R.

Catholic Ways in the Tyrol.

THE English Catholic can have no greater pleasure or refreshment than a sojourn in a Catholic country. We whose lot is cast in England sing the Lord's song rather sadly in our "strange land," where for so long a space the harps were hung up, and the songs of Sion silenced; where even now the melody is weak and faltering, and contrasts mournfully with the shout of praise continually going up from those countries where the joy of Catholic faith has not been lost, or the beauty of worship despoiled nor marred; where the faith is the faith of the people, strong from generation to generation; where day by day the little ones cluster round the Altar, and working men and women lay down their burden that it may be borne in union with Calvary's Sacrifice.

Who among us is not sometimes conscious of the depressing sense of religious isolation and the weariness of struggle in unsympathetic surroundings? Who that has crossed the strip by the Newhaven route does not recall the thrill of exultation that filled his soul on first beholding the great Crucifix that faces the sea-farer as he nears the harbour of Dieppe? For does it not remind him that though he is landing on a foreign shore, he is no stranger nor foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, with whom he is builded together into an habitation of God? And as he takes his way through the country, he realizes increasingly the joy of his inheritance, his membership of the one Body, the Church Universal, from which no tide nor tongue nor national difference has power to separate him. All is his in a land where every church is a shrine containing the hidden Jewel of the Altar; he has the joy of right to claim her every ministry, to unite with her every pleading of the Eternal Sacrifice.

Nor is this sense of unity impaired, but rather strengthened, as he passes from one country or district or even diocese to another, and notes in each its different ways, customs, observances; in a word, the various dialects of the one spiritual

language, the common tongue, of the Brotherhood of Jesus Christ.

For just as members of a family differ in look, in voice, in manner, in habit of thought, in character, yet bear upon them the indelible stamp of "family likeness," and as in the separate individuality of each the bond is not slackened, but drawn closer, so in the different human families of the nations which make up the Catholic Church on earth, the same Lord is worshipped, the same faith confessed, but in ways exteriorly so different as to puzzle and even deceive those who understand her not, nor know her for the Spouse of the Divine Bridegroom, clad in a garment seamless but of many colours.

Nowhere perhaps is Catholic unity more compactly knit together, nowhere more deeply stamped with the impress of national temperament than among the peoples of Germany and Austria. Nowhere is the love of the children for their spiritual Mother marked by customs more filial and affectionate, yet so instinct with the grave and simple dignity, the frank almost austere sincerity, that lend so great a glory to the Teutonic character.

It may not be without interest to note down such customs of Catholic devotion as may be observed in that district of Southern Germany known as the Bavarian Tyrol, and in the adjacent parts of Austria. Some of these customs, indeed, belong to the whole of Germany; others are apparently quite local. The people have established many of them through long usage, carried on by the force of a solid unbroken tradition, learned by the children in their earliest years, maintained by the grey-haired men whose life-long habit has been to consecrate the day's toil morning by morning at the foot of the Altar.

The spirit of reverence is ingrained in the people. The behaviour at Mass is wonderful, especially perhaps that of the children. They usually kneel within the altar-rails, boys on one side, girls on the other. Equal distribution of wealth is, in the Church, no vague ideal, but a solid fact; and the barefooted boy follows up the sanctuary steps close upon the procession as it enters for High Mass with the serenity and confidence of a son in his father's house. A child of five can be seen hearing Mass with as great reverence as the most devout adult and as sure precision as any master of ceremonies, no gesture of adoration forgotten, no ritual act omitted through the whole of a sung Mass with Exposition and Benediction.

Both Germany and Austria express in their devotion a very different racial instinct from that of France or the southern Latin lands. In the northern parts of Germany the type is, however, very different from that of the southern, and even so far south as Nuremberg, one of the chief towns of the Catholic province of Bavaria, the sternness of the northern style prevails to a considerable extent. Unhappily, its two finest churches have been captured by Protestantism, and remain with their Catholic Altars and ornaments untouched, sad museums of art, and object-lessons indeed to him who can learn that to lose one of the trinity of faith, sacraments, and prayer, is to lose all. But in the *Frauenkirche*, or Church of our Lady, the Catholic faith has been preserved; and very majestic in her dignity, but strangely stern in aspect, is the great Mother of God as she is there presented to the imagination. The light is very dim, and the great black, carved pews stand out almost grimly; the people kneel in them, upright, motionless. There is little, if any, devotion at special altars or shrines. The very serving-boys are clad in long dark garments, with heavy capes. The worship of the Mass seems austere and almost terrible. It is as if an icy blast of Protestantism had swept through the church in a bygone day, and chilled the hearts of the worshippers with a sense of fear.

But in South Germany, which naturally approximates most closely to Austria in the temper and ways of the people, all is gentler, less severe. A soft wind blows over the hills from Italy, and a subtle essence from the east, borne up the Danube, pervades the air; the mingling of races has fused north and south, east and west, perceptibly.

In worship there seems to be a happy union of Teutonic dignity and Latin freedom. The churches of Munich are typical of this, combining great gravity and solemnity with a beautiful devotion. The same spirit seems to prevail all through the Tyrol and its adjacent and corresponding Austrian district, the *Salzkammergut*. These have a beauty all their own. Girt round by their mountains, they have been in great measure preserved from the corroding touch of time; "progress," so-called, has not laid its chilling touch on the hearts of the people, nor blinded them with false hopes. Their faith still burns as brightly as in the "ages of faith," which for them have never passed. The Church is their mother from the day of their baptism. Every day is lived under her blessing, every event

of their lives bound up with her ministry. The priest is their father, the parish church their home. There they have their own ways, the ways of children with parents.

The greatest reverence is shown to the priest. Every hat is lifted as he passes down the street, habited in the cassock and bowler, or hard high beaver hat—to our eyes a curious combination—which is the usual dress of the German priest. The children have a pretty custom of running to touch his hand, saying, *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*—"May Jesus Christ be praised." They will say to each other *heilig*—"holy," after he has passed. It is very delightful to see the frank smile of affectionate respect with which the half-grown lad greets him; there seems to be a total absence of the skulking look of the English hobbler. It is the universal custom to rise when the priest enters the church to say Mass, and again when he returns to the sacristy; and the people near will even rise and stand as he passes in or out of the confessional.

The sign of the Cross is invariably made, whether on taking holy water or at any other time, on forehead, lips, and breast. It is the universal custom to make the holy signs thus at the Elevations and at the *Domine non sum dignus*. At the Elevation of the Host the whole congregation kneels and signs itself with the three-fold sign. The priest elevates the Host for an appreciable time—several seconds; during which all kneel upright, with eyes uplifted, reverently adoring; then they smite the breast three times, and make the holy sign as before. The sight is a striking one, if seen from any part of the church that gives a view of the whole congregation, as from the gallery or the high flight of steps frequently found at the west end.

Benediction is given every morning after the principal Mass of the day, during which the Blessed Sacrament is usually exposed. The priest also blesses the people with the Blessed Sacrament before placing it on the throne; and also with the ciborium, before and after giving Communion.

Holy Communion is given before or after, but never during Mass. And on week-days it is only given once, after the first Mass, usually at six o'clock. At Ober-Ammergau, owing to the number of priests staying in the village for the representation of the Passion Play, Masses were being said at the Blessed Sacrament Altar up to nine o'clock, yet Communion was refused to the writer at 6.45, as being "too late." On this same day, however, an hour later, it chanced that a lady,

presumably the *grande dame* of the parish, desired to communicate. She was ushered with the greatest respect through the sacristy to within the altar-rails, when Holy Communion was given to her at the foot of the Altar. The sacristan having heard the priest's earlier refusal, in kindness turned down the communion-cloth, and three others availed themselves of the chance opportunity thus offered. There are a fair number of communicants on Sunday; but in Germany few approach the Altar during the week, and it is rare to see a priest in the confessional, except before Mass on Sunday morning. To this the Tyrol seems no exception.

In Austria, both in towns and villages, there are a few communicants daily, but nowhere is there anything approaching the number to be seen in France or Italy, and by eight o'clock all is over, the cloth turned back, and the candles put out; though in the cathedrals and some of the larger churches Masses are said up to 10.30.

The Blessed Sacrament is almost always, except in the smallest village churches, reserved at two Altars, sometimes at three. The Benediction Host, Which is not taken out of the monstrance, is reserved alone at the high Altar; while the ciboriums containing the Hosts for Communion are reserved elsewhere, at one or more altars. In the Cathedral at Vienna the communion-rails are curiously set in a complete circle round the Blessed Sacrament Altar, with the entrance at the back. A priest comes in with a server every three-quarters of an hour to give Communion; if there are no communicants, they make a circuit of the altar and return to the sacristy. This is done until 7.30 o'clock, after which application for Communion has to be made at the sacristy.

But if there are comparatively few Communions, there is evidence of the greatest devotion when the faithful do approach the Altar. This is specially noticeable among the men, who in some places form the majority of the Sunday morning communicants.

In some of the churches of the Salzkammergut district, there is a curious custom by which those who wish to make offerings go up during Mass in single file, and deposit their coin in a dish placed on a high stand at the altar-rails, the men at the Offertory, the women immediately after the Consecration.

In some churches a holy-water stoup is fixed at the foot

of the chancel steps. The people kneel anywhere and everywhere during Mass, filling the chancel and sometimes having seats also within the altar enclosure, and they always take holy water before going up the sanctuary steps. The mothers sprinkle their children's heads as they go in or out of church, but the French custom of giving holy water on the fingers from one to the other is wholly unknown in Germany. In some places the priest asperges the congregation daily after the principal Mass; he dips the brush into the vat and gives a good drench along each seat, and the people edge up to the end of the seat to get as much as possible over them.

They seem to wish to identify themselves as closely as they may with every ministry of the Church, and over and above the Baptism, they bring their children, when three or four weeks old, to be blessed. This is done within the altar-rails. The priest enters, followed by four women looking very dignified in the twisted black silk coif which forms the head-dress of the country. Two carry lighted candles, and two the child; it is then blessed and sprinkled; and friends and neighbours among the congregation come up and kneel at the rails during the ceremony. When a woman is churched, she is likewise led by the priest within the altar-rails; and this whether a Mass is being said at the same Altar or not.

Weddings among the peasantry are very beautiful in their godliness and simplicity. The couple seem to realize that they are receiving a Sacrament. A black dress and white woollen shawl form the usual bridal attire, and bride and bridesmaids alike wear wreaths of orange-blossom. The marriage ceremony over, the sacristan conducts the bride and bridegroom to the place of honour set for them within the altar-rails, and lights a candle which he sets at the bride's right hand. The priest, who at the conclusion of the service had returned to the sacristy, comes in vested and proceeds with the Mass.

The ceremonies of Requiem Masses appear to be different from those of other countries. The catafalque and candles, which in France stand at the foot of the Altar, are conspicuously absent. In their place it is the custom for the family at whose request the Mass is being said, to fix four lighted candles in their seat; sometimes these are very large, sometimes little tapers, according to the means or devotion of those who burn them. Besides this there is a very common custom of lighting a taper and fixing it with hot wax on to the ledge in front of

each seat. Many people carry coils of wax in the pocket and unwind a piece to be burnt during Mass. Whether this is done simply as an act of devotion during Mass, or when the person is hearing the Mass for a departed soul, is difficult to say ; perhaps with both intents. The result to the seats may be imagined. They are steeped inches deep in wax gutterings, which gives a curiously unkempt appearance to churches otherwise beautifully kept, and remarkable both for cleanliness and for absence of tawdriness.

The attendance at Mass both on Sundays and week-days is wonderful. At Berchtesgaden, a small country town in the heart of the Salzkammergut, there is a daily average of 250 persons in one church alone, which serves the lower end of the town ; the Franciscan Fathers' church at the upper end being also fully attended. On Sundays the churches are thronged from end to end from the first Mass at 6 until the last at 10. The following is an exact account of a Sunday at Berchtesgaden. The old abbey church is a large one, holding some 1,800 persons, and there are three other churches in the town, which, with outlying *chalets*, has a population of about 3,000 souls.

5.30 a.m. Church open for confessions.

6. First Mass, sung. Church well filled, but not overcrowded.

This Mass immediately followed by Communion, the communicants numbering about 30.

6.30. Low Mass at a side Altar.

7. Principal Mass, with Exposition ; preceded and followed by Benediction. Vernacular hymns sung all the time by the congregation. Communion given to about 50 persons after Benediction. The church by this time uncomfortably full.

8. Sung Mass, followed by a few Communions.

9. Sermon of forty minutes' duration by a Franciscan Father. Church thronged, and every moment getting more densely crowded until by

9.45, when the *Missa Cantata* begins, there is not an inch of available standing room in chancel, nave, aisles, porch, or steps ; the vast majority of the congregation being men.

3 p.m. Rosary and devotions to the Sacred Heart. The church again thronged, and also for

6, Benediction.

Vespers and Compline were not said, nor was there High Mass, the *Missa Cantata* almost invariably taking the place of High Mass in this part of the country.

Such a witness do these faithful people give that the worship of God is indeed their chief thought on His day.

On week-days, vernacular morning prayers are recited by the priest, curiously perched on a high stool in front of the Altar, after the eight o'clock Mass, Benediction being always given after the "Früh' Messe," the first and chief Mass of the day, about 6 or 6.30. At six o'clock every evening Benediction is given. The whole population seems to come. The Altar and reredos at Berchtesgaden blazed daily with lights numbering over 150. It would be interesting to know how the expenses of the church are met.

The music in the Tyrol varies very much. In most places, great pains are evidently taken with it; sometimes there is a good orchestra and the style is restrained and severe; but in a good many churches it has a tendency to become florid. At the abbey church at Berchtesgaden, where there are some fine voices, and all is very carefully rendered, the Litany of our Lady was sung one evening to a beautiful melody, with a tenor harmony of *O Jesu miserere* accompanying every petition. The effect was striking.

On Thursdays it is customary in the churches of the Tyrol, to have what is called the "Thursday-procession" round the church in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession is headed by the children carrying lighted tapers, the boys bare-footed and bare-legged to above the knee, in the Tyrolese costume invariably worn by them and by all the men. The bearers of the canopy under which the Blessed Sacrament is carried are clothed in long dark blue garments reaching to the ground, with capes of the same edged with white. The *Tantum Ergo* is sung during the procession. A *Missa Cantata* follows. On the Thursday which happened to be the feast of St. Rose of Lima, the Mass of the Saint was beautifully sung, the Offertory and Communion being rendered in recitative. The whole was a sight not to be forgotten for its beauty and its characteristic devotion and simplicity.

It is customary on Sundays to say the Mass of the Sunday once, whatever may be the feast of the day. If attendance be a test, this Mass is very popular; and it is said quite audibly throughout, in rather marked exception to the usual habit.

The vernacular is much used in devotion. The *Domine non sum dignus* is almost always said in German before Communion is given; the exception to this being probably when a foreign priest has been saying the Mass. It is sometimes uttered very slowly and impressively, in a loud and distinct voice audible all over the church. The Litany of the Saints, abbreviated, is very commonly recited in the vernacular at Benediction; the Rosary always; and German hymns are very popular. The *Tantum Ergo* is usually divided, with a Litany said or sung between the verses. The *O Salutaris* seems never to be sung.

The pictures in the confessionals present a considerable variety of subject. The Crucifixion is of course to be seen in some churches; but quite as often the Scourging at the Pillar, the Resurrection, the child with Angel Guardian, a shipwrecked soul in the breakers clinging to the Cross, and oftenest of all the Good Shepherd. These speak eloquently of the tender love and care of the pastors for their people, and of their anxiety to bring them to holy dispositions.

Most of the village churches have a memorial of a mission more or less recent. This usually takes the form of a large Crucifix, placed in the church or porch; and it is often hung round with votive gifts, the thank-offerings of souls won back to God.

As in all Catholic countries, pilgrimage churches and Calvary churches are plentiful, situated chiefly in conspicuous places on the hills, or above the cities. Most of the large towns have such a church on the heights above them, as in France Notre Dame de Bon Secours looks down on Rouen, and Fourvières guards the great city of Lyons with perpetual prayer. They are places whence intercession ever rises; where the weary find strength and consolation, where the faint renew their aspirations, whence grace flows forth in a never-failing stream.

Most of these churches are dedicated to our Blessed Lady under her title of Maria-Hilf, *i.e.*, Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, which among her special prerogatives evidently holds the first place in the people's hearts. The picture, wreathed with flowers, has the place of honour in every church, and is erected by every wayside. But Lourdes bids fair to rival it, a practical illustration of the power of Catholicism to rise above national differences; for national spirit runs high in the land, as is evident to any one spending the anniversary of Sedan in Germany.

Most parishes organize one or more annual pilgrimages to their favourite shrine, and very beautiful are the processions as they wend their way up the hill, headed by the sacristan bearing the Crucifix, and by the priests of the parish; all the pilgrims chanting *Magnificat* or singing hymns as they go.

The walls of the pilgrimage churches are covered with votive pictures and offerings of gratitude of all sorts, many of them dating back two and even three hundred years. The gift of a babe to a childless couple is often represented by a being strongly resembling a chrysalis, lying on the floor between two kneeling figures. Scenes of illness and accident are perpetuated on canvas in primitive method and most realistic style; and one picture in a mountain church recorded the restoration of a milk-giving animal which appeared to be a hybrid between a lion and a large dog; presumably a lost cow. Sometimes very devout prayers are framed and glazed as offerings: "May the good God be blessed and praised," or, "Jesus, all that I have, and am, and shall be, is Thine."

But the spirit of prayer, which seems to be the very breath of life to this favoured folk, is not reserved for the churches alone. Their whole country is a witness to their faith. Almost every house has a sacred painting on its front. Our Lady and Child is the commonest, but in the village street of Berchtesgaden four consecutive houses displayed St. Anthony of Padua, the Visitation, the Scourging at the Pillar, and the Resurrection. In the district of the Tyrol and Salzkammergut, it may safely be said that it is not possible to go for half a mile along any road or mountain path without passing by some memento of their faith in one of the great mysteries of religion. It may be either a life-sized Crucifix with the Mother of Sorrows standing at the foot, or an entire Calvary carved in wood and coloured, according to the special method of the country, or a boy-Christ between His Mother and St. Joseph; or the Scourging at the Pillar, to which there seems a very special devotion. Stone reliefs of the Crucifix carved in grey stone and set in a stone canopy on a pedestal, are not uncommon. Some of these are evidently of sixteenth and seventeenth century work, and finely executed. Sometimes a simple cross bears the inscription across its arms, "May Jesus Christ be loved and praised." Often, too, there are picture-mementoes depicting in curiously crude fashion the circumstances of accidental deaths; drowning in the mountain torrent, a fall from a cart or tree, or being lost

in the snow. These, with faith's true instinct, are always surmounted by a celestial vision, usually of our Lady and the Divine Child ; and they bear touching legends underneath them: "Dear reader, say an Our Father for him," or, "Say six Hail Marys for the Holy Souls," and many others. Nor in such a land of flowers as is the Tyrol, is beauty wanting wherewith to deck the shrines which faith has raised. Woods in spring are carpeted with lilies of the valley and hepatica, in summer pink with cyclamen and blue with the tall wood-gentian, water-courses bordered with delicate grass of Parnassus and the big-water forget-me-not, provide abundant material for offerings of love. And so it comes to pass that in an upland walk a sudden bend in the path brings us to a shrine where the wooden canopy of the Crucifix is adorned with fresh flowers ; where at the rough *prie-dieu* made of three boards, a peasant woman kneels, as the distant sound of the *Angelus* in the village calls her to the noontide act of faith and love. Do not such prayers, hidden alike from human praise and contempt, unknown but to the Father of lights and the company of Heaven, save the world ? Is not grace and blessing called down by the benediction of the peasant boy on the bank of the Danube, as in an impulse of faith and charity he raises his arm and signs the holy sign over the departing steamboat as she takes her way down the swift stream ?

And may not we, who in the weary plain below bear the burden and heat of the day, find consolation, hope, and strength in the remembrance of the pure prayers which rise as incense before the throne of God from the hearts and lips of His lowly servants, hidden even as their own mountain violet from all eyes but His ?

M. S. DALTON.

The Case of Pierre de Rudder.

"I DO not believe it possible to meet with a cure more astonishing, more at variance with all known laws, than that of the Belgian workman, Pierre de Rudder." So writes Dr. Boissarie,¹ formerly head of the Bureau de Constatation at Lourdes. Two doctors have also cited it on two distinct occasions in the *Dublin Review*² as a case in which the evidence for a miracle was peculiarly convincing. Since then the cure has attracted further attention. The doctors who made the three inquiries concerning it have issued a joint pamphlet,³ with a view to proving its genuineness. We hope to see this pamphlet published in English at an early date, and we venture to recommend it strongly to our readers. It presents a clear statement of the evidence in favour of the miracle, and shows clearly that the hypothesis of faith-cure is inadequate to explain it. Meanwhile, a summary of those striking features in the case which have been brought into prominence by the authors of the pamphlet in question may not prove unacceptable.

If the reader turns to his map of Belgium, he will find about half-way between Bruges and Ostend, the little village of Jabbeke, once the home of Pierre de Rudder. Pierre was an agricultural labourer, thought highly of by his master, and a most worthy head of a family. On February 16th, 1867, being then forty-four years of age, he was going to his work, when he noticed two young wood-cutters in a difficulty, and generously

¹ *Lourdes: Histoire Medicale*, p. 132. Paris: Lecoffre, 1891. We have hardly used his account, though it is a very reliable one, owing to the still more precise nature of the pamphlet cited below. Unfortunately, Dr. Boissarie's book has not, as far as we know, been translated into English; its accurate and scientific treatment of the subject is most impressive.

² Dr. Mackey, October, 1880; Dr. Gasquet, October, 1894.

³ *Guérison subite d'une fracture: Récit. et étude scientifique*. Par C. van Hoestenbergh, docteur en médecine; E. Royer, docteur en médecine; A. Dechamps, S.J., docteur en médecine et en sciences naturelles. Bruxelles: Lagaert.

offered his assistance. They had been felling a tree, but had managed the business so clumsily that it had fallen into a cultivated field belonging to a neighbouring estate. They were therefore employing levers to lift it and push it back. Pierre began cutting off the branches of a bush that was in the way. Their former experience does not, however, seem to have made the men more careful. Somehow or other—we confess the details of the accident are not quite clear to us—the tree slipped on to him and threw him down, crushing his left leg under it.

The injured limb was looked to at once by Dr. Affenaer. A great wound appeared under the instep, not dealt with by our authors in their scientific account of the matter. Besides this, both the bones of the leg were broken through about three inches below the knee; and another wound communicated with the seat of fracture, in the purulent matter of which were embedded the ends of the bones, stripped of their periosteum. Dr. Affenaer did his best for long months, but without success; a fact the less astonishing, we are reminded, because Lord Lister's first treatise on antiseptic treatment had only just appeared and had as yet made little impression. Eventually, both Dr. Affenaer and the other doctors who were consulted gave up all hope, and recommended that the limb should be amputated; but to this Pierre would not listen for a moment, preferring to bear the terrible pain of the fracture.

The next seven years must indeed have been a purgatory to him; but to us they are invaluable, on account of the large number of witnesses who during this period came into daily contact with the sufferer. Had he been cured at once, the genuineness of the injury might have been questioned. As it is, the whole of his parish through its representatives furnished a mass of evidence which cannot be ignored or set aside. Some specimens of this testimony may now be quoted. The cardinal point in the whole investigation is the complete mobility of the leg, a natural consequence of the fact that the extremities of the broken bone had never united, allowing the lower portion of the limb below the fracture to hang quite loose.

Jacques van Esschen used to take every week to De Rudder the allowance which the Vicomte du Bus, his master, generously gave him. He often saw the wound uncovered. Pierre would bend¹ his leg below the knee, so as to make the ends of the bones

¹ *i.e.*, By manipulation. A certain amount of manipulation must be everywhere understood where there is talk of "bending" the leg.

stand out. Then, with scarcely any effort, he would turn his foot round, the heel in front, the toes behind: the only resistance was from the soft tissues. About the year 1872, Jacques de Fraeye saw Pierre go through this process. Both these eye-witnesses are still living at Jabbeke.

Dr. van Hoestenbergh, one of the writers of our pamphlet, himself often saw Pierre. Years passed without any improvement in his condition. In the spring of 1874, Pierre asked him to examine his leg. The wound was so offensive as to oblige him to open the window: the patient was thin, pale, worn out with suffering. He found an open sore as large as a hen's egg, and with a purulent discharge. With his left hand he grasped the back of the knee, while with his right he took the lower part of the leg, and bent it forwards. The ends of the broken-bones appeared in the wound; they had lost their periosteum, and were rough at the surface. He then held the upper part of the leg with his left hand, and with his right twisted the foot round by the heel. With the utmost ease he brought the heel in front and even further round still.

After an hour's inspection, he told De Rudder, what all the other doctors sent by M. du Bus to examine him had previously told him, that his only hope was amputation. De Rudder would have none of it, but spoke of a certain Dr. Verriest, who was to come from Bruges to see him.

Dr. Verriest came: he rendered the leg immovable by a starch bandage, and took some other steps; but he often confessed to Dr. van Hoestenbergh that he was making no progress, and about the middle of January Pierre's obstinate refusal to suffer his leg to be amputated, drove him to throw up the case as one in which he could be of no further use. Dr. van Hoestenbergh agreed with his views; only a fortnight before Dr. Verriest's last visit he had still been able to twist the leg round as before. Dr. Verriest was the last of the six medical men who treated De Rudder, none of them having effected any improvement.

We now come nearer to the time of the miracle. On April 2nd, 1875, five days only before the journey to Oostacker, Jean Houtsager, cooper, then living at Jabbeke, now at Stalhille, found the leg in the same condition as ever, "broken between the foot and the knee: so badly broken, that the unfortunate man could without the least difficulty twist his toes behind, while leaving the knee in its place: and when he bent

his leg about the wound, amid the raw flesh appeared the ends of the broken bones."

On April 4th, M. Louis Knockaert, a farmer at Jabbeke, had Pierre at his house. "The leg was broken below the knee, and there was a discharge of fetid pus from the place of the wound."

On the evening of the 6th, Edouard van Horren and his son Jules paid Pierre a visit; they stayed with him nearly two hours, discussing the journey of the morrow. For Pierre, given up by the doctors, had made up his mind to ask his cure of Our Lady of Lourdes, venerated at Oostacker. Most of us, if we heard of a friend who was going to Lourdes in hope of a cure, would be anxious to see the injured part. Jules asked Pierre to show them his leg, and another neighbour, Marie Wittezaele, was also present. The three persons last named have signed a deposition that they saw on this occasion De Rudder's fractured leg, and that the extremities of the bones were visible in the midst of a suppurating wound about three centimetres long.

Early in the morning of the 7th, De Rudder's wife and daughter renewed the dressing, and found the injury in the same state as it was before. At four o'clock Pierre set out for the station, accompanied by his wife and van Horren. It was over a mile and a half away; Pierre had often to take a rest, and was quite weary when he got to the end of his journey. Pierre Blomme, the porter, or, to be quite accurate, the *garde-barrière*, bore witness to the fact that the leg could be bent and swung about from the point of fracture. Here, as in the other testimonies, we have to notice that the facts certified to are not such as to call for expert evidence. It does not need a doctor to tell that a leg is hanging perfectly loose, and every one can see that such complete mobility of the lower part of the limb implies a fracture of the bone in its upper portion.

Before accompanying Pierre any further, however, it might be well to say something about the shrine to which we find him repairing. It was opened in 1873 by Mme. de Courteborome, who besides building the church and residence of the Jesuits, and the convent of the Sœurs de la Sainte Enfance, has also supplied the ground for the large schools of the Frères de Lourdes. Her uncle, having built the present manor, became a priest, and lived the life of a recluse, remarkable for his mortifi-

cation and fervent piety. The grotto itself is the spot where he fixed his hermitage, and this grotto has since developed into a favourite place of pilgrimage, a result no doubt partly due to the miracle of which we are speaking. Every year about 260 organized pilgrimages, averaging some 200 pilgrims each, come there from all parts of Belgium, Holland, and the north of France, the whole annual total amounting to about 500,000 persons. Nearly two hundred marvellous cures are said to have taken place there; but, seeing that they have not as a rule being examined medically, there is no need as yet to call them all miraculous. Still they have been sufficient to stir up great piety and confidence, which the innumerable *ex-votos* seem to justify.¹

On the occasion of which we are speaking, Pierre, having been lifted up into the carriage, had duly started for Ghent. Jean Duclos, a shoemaker at Jabbeke, helped Pierre in, and travelled with him as far as Bruges. He declares that Pierre's leg was broken below the knee, that he could turn the lower part, and that matter come out of the wound.

From Ghent the journey had to be continued by tram and omnibus. Pierre dragged himself with difficulty along the alley leading to the grotto. He leant on his crutches, and was supported by his wife. On his arrival he dropped down fainting, and his wife gave him some water from the spring to drink. Let us hear his own words.

"I was seated on one of the front benches; my injured leg, which was causing me terrible suffering, was resting on my crutches. The pilgrims were now thronging in. In passing, several made my leg swing to and fro. . . . This was new torture to me. Then I grasped my crutches, and with the aid of my wife made twice the round of the grotto along with the other pilgrims. At the third round I was so weak that my wife had to support me under the right arm, while somebody else, a stranger, held me under the left. They took me in this way to the benches. I asked them to seat me on the second bench, to prevent the pilgrims from again touching my leg. I prayed, I implored pardon for all the sins I had committed

¹ We have not space for a longer account of the place. The reader who would know more is referred to "Our Lady of Oostacker," in *THE MONTH*, June, 1885; or to *Lourdes en Flanders*, par M. l'Abbé Scheerlinck (Gand: Société de S. Charles Borromée, Rue S. Georges, 17), &c. A short account of De Rudder's cure will be found both in the magazine and the book.

since my youth, and I asked to be cured, in order to be able to support my family."

Suddenly Pierre felt a strange thrill. Hardly knowing what he was doing, he rose, and forgetting all about his crutches, without which he had not stirred a step for eight years, made his way through the pilgrims, and knelt before the statue of the Virgin. Then, astonished at seeing himself on his knees, "My God," he broke out, "where am I?" He rose unaided, and without a word of reply to his wife's importunate questions, walked thrice round the grotto. He was cured.

II.

The first examination of the limb thus restored was made at the country-seat of la Marquise de Courteborome, whither Pierre at once repaired, his wife and many pilgrims following. The leg and the foot, before very swollen, had regained their normal size; the dressings and bandages had fallen off the two wounds; nothing but two cicatrices remained to show where they had been, and the broken bones had been suddenly united.

Pierre's return to Jabbeke threw the whole neighbourhood into commotion. The *garde-barrière* had counselled Pierre to stay at home; he was now amazed to find him walking without his crutches. His daughter sobbed for very joy when she embraced him; his little son hardly knew him, never having seen him save as a cripple. The news spread quickly through the village. But yesterday they had seen Pierre drag himself with difficulty to Mass on his crutches: now he was walking about like any of them. They thronged to his house, those very persons among them who only the day before had seen the ends of the bones standing out amid the matter of the wound; and Pierre, seated on the very spot where he had spent so many long years of suffering, told them the full story of his healing. A few days later they drew up the document that still remains, attesting his former state and his complete cure. Dr. Boissarie tells also of a novena of services held in gratitude for the favour, and a great reform in the commune.

We may add the witness of two doctors, both of whom we have already had occasion to mention, Dr. Affenaer and Dr. van Hoestenbergh. The former saw him the very day after his return, and was astonished to find that the surface of the tibia, in so far as it could be felt, was entirely smooth at the place of fracture. Afterwards, in a *café* at Oudenbourg, he

publicly told a certain M. Luca that De Rudder had been incurable, that his leg, broken years ago, could not naturally have been healed; but that he had been suddenly cured at Oostacker.

Dr. van Hoestenberghé was at first incredulous, but when he at last made up his mind to go and see for himself, Pierre left his spade and rake and began dancing about to convince him! His account of the cure tallied exactly with Dr. Affenaer's. There was no foreshortening; only two cicatrices marked the place of the injuries, and the right face of the tibia was smooth. He often had occasion to see Pierre afterwards, and never noticed the slightest limp; his walk was ungainly, but this was the result of pushing wheelbarrows, and all agree that it had always been so.

And yet God had worked this wonderful cure in His own wonderful way. Here, as in a great number of instances, palpable traces remained of the injury: perhaps, as we think Dr. Boissarie suggests, to place beyond dispute its reality. The bones of the left leg were not restored to their normal condition. The upper fragments had been drawn backwards by the hind muscles of the thigh, and they remained there: but the restored bone then took a forward direction, so as to make its vertical axis correspond to that of the other leg. Moreover, in front, where any sharpness in the surface would have been injurious, the bend in the bone was well rounded off; behind, where it was under the protection of the muscles of the calf, the angle is quite noticeable. More than that; in spite of the crookedness, in spite, also, of Dr. Affenaer having removed some bone, so as to leave the ends about three centimetres apart, the direct length from top to bottom in either tibia is the same: otherwise Pierre could not have walked properly.

Pierre lived on for twenty-three years, a thoroughly good fellow, who worked hard and remained a grateful client of the Blessed Virgin. His mistress even related that she had to restrain his energy, so little account did he make of his advancing age. But at last, when seventy-five years old, he succumbed to pneumonia, and was buried at Jabbeke, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1898.

About a year later the leg-bones were removed from the place of interment and examined by Dr. van Hoestenberghé. The whole proceeding was duly attested: the results confirmed the examinations made in Pierre's lifetime. Shortly after, the

third and last inquiry was held. Dr. Dechamps, S.J., conducted it, assisted by Father Ivan Hoestenberghe, S.J., the physician's son. All previous witnesses gave evidence, except three who had died, one of them, of course, Pierre himself; several were interrogated for the first time. The results of the two previous inquiries, the one made by Dr. van Hoestenberghe for the Bishop of Bruges, immediately after the event, the other by Dr. Royer, of Lens S. Rémy, in 1893, for the *Annales de Lourdes*,¹ at Dr. Boissarie's request, were amply established.

III.

We judge it foreign to our purpose to dwell at any length on the medical aspects of the miracle, although the authors of the pamphlet we are discussing devote much space to it, and although, in fact, it is here that the chief merit of their work lies. Their object is to show, what is already fairly evident, that a fracture of the leg, complicated by such a wound as Pierre's, cannot by any natural process be cured in an instant. This they do very thoroughly. A fortnight is the very least time they can allow for the cure even of a simple fracture, and that with the very latest methods: the successive generation of the thousands of tiny cells required for the bony tissues, and the rate at which the blood brings up the necessary materials, alike demand the interval, and in all experience it has never been shortened. The nervous system may secure that the cells are under the most favourable circumstances for their work: it cannot do that work for them, or change the laws which govern it. But in De Rudder's case the fracture was not simple: there was suppuration: moreover, the leg was quite mobile, and there was a perceptible distance between the ends of the bones. As for antiseptic treatment, it might have been employed, but was not: nor is this astonishing, for even in 1876, the year after the cure, a proposed discussion on the antiseptic dressing of wounds at the International Congress of Medicine at Brussels had to be abandoned, because there was nobody present who possessed any experience in the matter. Under these circumstances we are prepared to find our authors maintaining that the doctors who attended the patient were right when, knowing practically nothing of antiseptics, they declared him incurable. But even if he were not, we should still have to remember that after the final visit of Dr. van Hoestenberghe and Dr. Verriest, he was

¹ The numbers for May, June, July, August, 1893.

as far as ever from being healed, and received absolutely no surgical treatment, antiseptic or otherwise, until his cure. Nor was there any improvement in the four months between those final visits and the cure. True, they were not medical experts who examined him just before the visit to Oostacker. But, we are asked, does it need doctors to establish the fact that a leg swings about from below the knee, and can be twisted "just as washerwomen twist linen they have just been washing," or that wounds have a purulent discharge? As for the water of Oostacker, a little of which he drank, it is ordinary well-water, with no medicinal properties that could possibly be supposed efficacious in such a case.

A last resource might remain to the sceptical—an appeal to the "faith-cure," to which so much has been attributed by the late Professor Charcot. That learned professor lays it down that "the instantaneous cure . . . commonly known in medicine under the name of 'miracle,' is, as may be shown in the *majority* of cases, a natural phenomenon."¹ Seeing, however, that, to use M. Charcot's own words, "one cannot hope to settle this question of the faith-cure, . . . which . . . is entirely of a scientific order, . . . by unproved assertion or groundless negation," we may be excused for expressing astonishment at the way in which he sets about establishing his thesis. "Let us glance," he suggests, "at the documents which we find in the shrines themselves." But Professor Charcot shows that he has confined his attention to just those cures which suit his purpose. No one who had a fair acquaintance with the claims made by Catholic medical authorities in behalf of Lourdes miracles could assert that "if tumours and ulcers are also of a hysterical nature, and are amenable to this same faith-cure as well as paralysis and convulsions, there will be an end of the miracle theory"! Many cures take place at Lourdes besides tumours and ulcers. The *Annales de Lourdes*, and still better Dr. Boissarie's *Histoire Médicale*, published only two years before the Professor's article, record the sudden healing of consumption, caries, cancer, and fractures: why neglect these? Such cases, when properly attested, are far more obviously miraculous, because more clearly involving restoration of tissues. Indeed, Professor Charcot lays stress upon the point that in certain kinds of tumours and ulcers amenable to the faith-cure there is no organic lesion, and he does not pretend to show that such lesion can be suddenly

¹ *New Review*, January, 1893. "The Faith-cure," p. 19.

healed: on the contrary, when, in the only case of ulceration he cites, owing to the faith-cure, "the *local conditions affecting the nutrition of the tissues* were favourably modified, the wound on the breast was permitted to heal *by virtue of physiological laws as well known as those which had previously operated to produce the gangrene*. But complete cicatrization requires a well defined and sufficient time for its completion, and accordingly we find that it was not till *nineteen days afterwards* that the skin of the organ became perfectly free from all ulceration, and the healing was completed." We also have his own admission that only *certain kinds* of tumours admit the faith-cure, namely, those of nervous origin.

To resume: Professor Charcot most unwarrantably assumes that there are only the sudden cures of tumours and ulcers to explain away. An ulcer he eventually confesses cannot be suddenly cured, and only a certain kind of tumour. He does not attempt to account for any of the sudden healings of organic lesions, the only healings which the Catholic doctors concerned put forward as beyond the powers of nature: and lastly, we may add that he does not attempt to adduce any modern experiences, such as his own, at the Salpêtrière; but to prove that ulcers can be cured by moral forces, he goes back one hundred and fifty years to an alleged Jansenist miracle, the miraculous or non-miraculous character of which would still be to many Catholics an open question. We are invited by him, however, to place confidence in another authority, to wit, Dr. Hack Tuke, and this gentleman, it is interesting to note, has admitted Pierre de Rudder's case, if correctly stated, to pass the limits of the faith-cure efficacy. "The domain of faith-healing," writes Professor Charcot, "is limited; to produce its effects it must be applied to those cases which demand for their cure no intervention beyond the power which the mind has over the body—cases which Hack Tuke has analyzed so excellently in his remarkable work.¹ *No intervention can make it pass these bounds, for we are powerless against natural laws.*"

Now Dr. Hack Tuke, in the second edition of his work, after describing three instances of paralysis at Lourdes, says,² "I the more readily cite these cases as examples of the influence of the mind on the body, inasmuch as Dr. Mackey, a

¹ *Illustrations of the influence of the Mind on the Body*, &c. 1872.

² P. 194, vol. ii. (Second Edit., T. A. Churchill, 1884.)

member of the Roman Catholic Church, admits them to be such. . . .¹ But there are other cases which in this writer's opinion cannot be so explained, such as the instant union of an old fracture of the tibia, . . .² and he truly says, 'Such cases cannot cure themselves, and no amount of faith and hope that the mind of man can imagine, will unite a broken bone. . . .' *We shall certainly not attempt to apply our principles here."*

IV.

Such is the story of this miracle, and its confirmation. When we have read the full account of it, with a due appreciation of the evidence, we find ourselves in a dilemma: we must either deny the facts, or give up all hope of explaining them by natural means.

We say, with a due appreciation of the evidence, not with a criterion such as Hume proposed in his argument against miracles. This "everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion"³ was thought worthy by Mill of being incorporated in his *Essays on Religion*:⁴ it may serve as a type of many modern objections, all to the effect that we should rather believe witnesses to be mistaken than the laws of nature even for once laid aside. Some such argument had doubtless to be found. "Miracles being proved, the Divine origin and over-ruling of the one Catholic Church, in which they occur, are proved also."⁵ Nevertheless, it is not very difficult to detect a fallacy in the reasoning.

If God exist at all, the laws of the universe must be allowed to proceed from Him. As from all eternity He has decreed their general application, as from all eternity He may have decreed their suspension in one or two particular cases, provided only that such a suspension became His Infinite Wisdom. And what motive could ever commend itself to that Wisdom? Obviously He may wish to guide men more clearly to the truth, to encourage and strengthen their belief in Him, to prove His revelation, if He have made any, and that more irrefutably in one brief moment than many theologians could do in a lifetime.

¹ In the *Dublin Review* article we have already mentioned.

² This is a *direct allusion* to Pierre Rudder's case, spoken of by Dr. Mackey.

³ See Hume's *Essay on Miracles*.

⁴ Mill's *Essays on Religion*, p. 219.

⁵ T. Arnold, "Church Extension and Anglican Expansion," *Dublin Review*, April, 1887.

As far as God's existence and His power are concerned, Hume is with us: but could we know a miracle for such supposing He worked it? The objection, as summarized by Mill, is briefly this: a miracle is in the highest possible degree contrary to experience, otherwise it would not be a miracle: intentional or unintentional error of witnesses is not so utterly incredible: therefore the supposition of the latter ought to be preferred.

In answer we must distinguish with Hume between what is positively contrary to experience, and what is merely not conformable to it. Of miracles we may have had no experience, but know them for possible, and, if Christians, believe many have happened: they are not positively contrary to our experience, any more than the freezing of water was to Hume's Indian Prince.¹ But to suppose that we ourselves or others have been misled for any long period by imagination or false vision is positively contrary to the experience of every minute of our lives: and if a large number of witnesses, all declaring themselves certain of facts well within their ken, and solemnly binding themselves to tell the truth—if it is not against our constant experience that these should all intentionally or unintentionally err, what, in Heaven's name, is the use of the law-courts?

One more point. Even without the assistance of doctors we might know that a broken leg cannot suddenly be mended and an inch of lost bone replaced by merely natural processes. Yet even here, as in less clear cases, it is natural and far safer to examine and compare the verdicts of experts. To reject the result of such investigation would be once more to set oneself against all positive experience.

A Catholic will take this common-sense view of evidence, and if it be shown him that the only logical and rational course open to him is to suppose a miracle, he will suppose it: and if he be one of those who tremble at the perils to which the faith of Catholics are everywhere exposed, he will exert himself to obtain for any given case all the evidence that is procurable, whether for or against. But this unbelieving generation, that asks for a sign, and yet has nothing but ridicule for Lourdes and for processes of beatification and canonization, will it even consent to look into the evidence when such a sign is given? We doubt it. As long ago as October, 1894, Dr. Gasquet wrote

¹ Cf. Hume's *Essay on Miracles*.

in the *Dublin Review* that "it would be as easy and as cheap to subject this alleged miracle to cross-examination as to ridicule or reject it without inquiry." And yet surely in the case of which we have sketched the history there is something worth examining. Few would dare to say that the mere forces of nature suffice to account for the facts which have here been set down: they must feel the strength of Dr. Gasquet's retort: "Why, then, do you not treat your own patients with equal success?" "The miracles in our hospitals," to use the words of Dr. Boissarie,¹ "... are mere child's-play to the mysterious force which is displayed at Lourdes," or we may add at Oostacker. As for denying the facts,—well, this time let our authors make their own remonstrance:

"To deny *a priori* is a proceeding that can hardly be called scientific. Science demands that facts be met with facts, that three successive inquiries, rigorously and most scrupulously conducted, should at least be answered by a counter-inquiry. Some, obstinate in their scepticism, will go on denying to the bitter end. Will they but deign to reflect on the idea of their mental capacity they are likely to give to those who have seen what was done with their own eyes, and have touched it with their very hands?"

If it be gross credulity to believe in this miracle, we fear that the alternative explanation, whatever it be, whether a new and unheard of power of mind over body or a conspiracy of fraud and misrepresentation on the part of the witnesses, demands a credulity which is more extravagant still.

C. LATTEY.

¹ *Histoire Medicale*, Introduction.

Our Popular Devotions.

II.—THE ROSARY.

IV.—THE ROSARY AMONGST THE CARTHUSIANS.

OUR investigations into the past history of the Rosary have so far brought us to this. The practice of using beads or stones strung upon a cord for the purpose of counting prayers is common to many religions and was known in the Christian Church at least as early as the eleventh century. The practice of reciting 150 *Aves* to our Blessed Lady in imitation of the 150 Psalms of David, is also much older than the time of St. Dominic. Further, it has been a general custom from the very beginning to divide this psalter of *Aves* into three sets of fifty.¹ On the other hand, the introduction of *Pater nosters* to divide these fifties into tens cannot reliably be traced further back than the middle of the fourteenth century, and long after that time it continued to be quite common to recite the *Aves* without *Paters*. Out of some twelve or fourteen instances to which Père Danzas appeals as examples of the Rosary earlier

¹ The evidence of a division of the Psalter of *Aves* into fifties, at any rate in the twelfth century, is emphasized by the illuminations in the MSS. of the *Psalterium Marianum* of St. Anselm. The verses which are ascribed to him in the St. Maur edition of his works are not the same as those which are found, sometimes with, sometimes without his name, in certain early MSS. These latter are usually written with a long extract from each Psalm in succession, each followed by four rhyming Latin lines addressed to our Blessed Lady developing the idea of the quoted words and beginning with *Ave*: e.g., the opening verses in Titus A. 21, fol. 2, r°, are written thus: "Et erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est cecus (*sic*) decursus aquarum quod fructum suum dabit in tempore suo. [Ps. 1.]

Ave porta paradisci (*sic*)
Lignum vite quod amisi
Per te mihi iam dulcescit
Et salutis fructus crescit."

Now the *Psalterium Marianum* thus written in this MS. of the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, contains three and only three richly-illuminated initial letters. The first occurs at the beginning, the second at the 51st Psalm, the third at the 101st Psalm. In MS. Arundel 157, of about the same date, the division between the three parts is made conspicuous by the insertion of prayers in prose. The same division is observable in the similar *Psalterium* printed by the St. Maur editors.

than 1470, there is only one¹ in which any mention is made of *Paters*, and the date of this example is entirely uncertain.

Turning now to what we have already described, in the words of Father Esser, O.P., as the very essence of the Rosary devotion, we have to ascertain at what period the practice was introduced of meditating during the recital of the Hail Marys upon some incident in the Life of our Blessed Lady or her Divine Son. Father Esser, with a straightforward candour which does him credit, attributes this feature to a German Carthusian who lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century. I cannot see any good reason to dispute the correctness of his view, but there are two scraps of evidence of a contrary tendency which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first is a passage cited from the rule of the Béguines at Ghent. These constitutions are said to have been drawn up as early as the year 1236,² and it is alleged that at this date the daily recitation of the Psalter of our Lady was enjoined upon each of the Religious, and furthermore, that the Béguine who presided at this exercise was "to read aloud *before each Pater and before each Ave some mystery from the Life of Christ or of the Blessed Virgin*."³ This evidence, supposing it to be authentic, is certainly of the highest importance, the more so that the Béguinage in question was under the spiritual direction of the Dominican Fathers. But I note: first, that the Bollandists have always strongly maintained that the passage is an interpolation of later date; secondly, that in spite of Mamachi's attempt to vindicate its genuineness, Father Esser makes no allusion to it when discussing the origin of the Rosary meditations, though he cannot possibly have been ignorant or forgetful of its existence; lastly, that the statement is intrinsically so suspicious that it would require the most careful examination of the date and condition of the manuscript before it could be credited. We have strong reason to believe that the *Pater nosters* which are mentioned were not introduced until more than a hundred years later; moreover, the meditations were regarded as quite a novelty at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the use of the term *mysteries* is, I venture to believe, of later date still. And if the Béguines of Ghent learned this practice from their

¹ I refer to the rule of the Béguines of Ghent, to be mentioned immediately.

² But for the modifications which they underwent, see B. Moulart, O.P., *Het Groot Begynhof van Gent*, p. 8, note.

³ Danzas, *Étude*, iv. 422.

Dominican directors, how extraordinary is the fact that not the slightest trace of it has ever been produced from the Rule, customs, or ordinances of the Dominican Order itself before the middle of the fifteenth century,¹ nor from those of the Dominican Third Orders, much more numerous and much more intimately associated with the Friars Preachers than the Béguines of Ghent!

The other fact which might be construed into an early reference to the practice of meditation in saying the Rosary has already been alluded to. In the English verses: *Hou our Levedi Sauter was ferste founde*, the Blessed Virgin directs her client to say fifty *Aves* thrice each day, the first fifty in the morning in honour of the Annunciation and Incarnation, the second fifty at noon in honour of the Nativity, the third fifty in the evening in honour of her Assumption and her glory in Heaven. There is, it is true, no direct suggestion of meditation, but it is curious that the first and third intentions so suggested correspond accurately to the Joyful and Glorious Mysteries now so familiar, while the second, though it speaks of the joy of the Nativity, recalls in some sense the life of suffering to which our Lord was born. Since the preceding article was written I have noticed a circumstance which lends additional importance to this coincidence. In the German *Unser Frauen Psalter*, which, as we shall see, is the source whence our present mysteries are immediately derived, the same story is told, agreeing accurately

¹ M. l'Abbé Duffaut with M. Charles Douais considers that he finds a trace of the official recognition of the Rosary among the Dominicans in the "*quinquagena*," sometimes enjoined as a penance by early Provincial Chapters (1239-1302). I can see no reason to interpret the word *quinquagena* in this sense. There cannot be a doubt that it means simply fifty psalms, for just that precise number are repeatedly imposed in the same *Acta*, written "L psalmos" or "L psal." (See Douais, *Acta Capitulorum Provincialium*, pp. 45, 55, 492, 608, &c.) In the four or five places where *quinquagena* appears, it forms part of a series of penances in which graver offenders get the whole psalter to say, lesser culprits a *quinquagena*. (*Ibid.* pp. 82, 134, 190, 205.) Is it likely, I venture to ask, that a Religious should be enjoined such a combination of penances as this—to fast for three days on bread and water, to take the discipline three times, and to say one Rosary (*quinquagena*)? (p. 205.) Fifty psalms would be a different matter. Again, why does one never meet with any other penance than *one* such *quinquagena*, surely two or three rosaries would not be excessive? And again, why is not such a penance enjoined upon lay-brothers, who nevertheless receive hundreds of *Pater nosters* without even mention of an *Ave Maria* (p. 133)? So far as these Capitular Acts, 800 closely-printed pages of new matter, show anything, they show plainly that the Rosary played no part at all in the internal life of the Dominican Order during the first eighty years of its existence. They do not anywhere contain the slightest reference to the Rosary.

in its main details¹ with the English verses, though the latter are nearly two hundred years older. When we remember that one of the two known manuscripts of these verses contains the title in French and that the likelihood of direct importation from England into Germany is very slight, we are led to the conclusion that the original was probably one of those Latin miracle-stories (*Miracula Beate Marie Virginis*) then current in every part of Europe, and that it can hardly be of later date than the middle of the thirteenth century. As this little book, *Unser Frauen Psalter*, is described as a compendium extracted from the book made upon the subject by Master Alan de Rupe, there can be little doubt that he knew the story well, and it may have had its influence upon his arrangement of the mysteries. Still the coincidence is only a slight one, and it must not be forgotten that the idea of travelling in thought through the Life of Mary and her Son, beginning, that is, with the Incarnation and ending with the Glory of Heaven, meets us in many forms in mediæval writers. The arrangement of the second, third, and fourth weeks of St. Ignatius' *Spiritual Exercises* is only the echo of an idea that had been widely current for centuries.²

But to turn from conjectures and surmises to plain facts, we have in the case of one Dominic, called Prutenus, or the Prussian, a definite statement concerning the origin of the Rosary meditations to which we have every reason to attach credence. Dominic was a Carthusian in the Charterhouse of Treves, a simple, straightforward man, held in great veneration by his brethren for his strictness of life and for the piety of his

¹ In the German our Lady says: "Mein psalter hat iii tail, den soltu also aussrichten und sprechen. Den ersten tail sprich in gedechtnuss der fröid die ich het von den grüss da mit mich der Engel grüst und sprach: Bist gegrüst vol gnad. Den andern tail sprich in gedechtnuss der freüid die ich hett do ich meinen sun gebar on allen schmerzen. Den iii tail sprich in gedechtnuss der freüid die ich hett do ich gen himel für." (Sig. e, viii. r^e.) As for the prayers weaving a garment for our Lady, the idea appears in several other mediæval stories besides the present, in which the German accurately corresponds with the English verses. Some of these clothing stories are included amongst the *exempla valde motiva* in Michael Francisci's *Quodlibet*, Editions 1485 and 1488, e.g., the *Tres Sorores*. (Edit. 1488, sig. d, vii. v^o.)

² Very often the aid of pictures was called in to help the imagination. We might mention as cases in point the *Itinerarium Beate Marie Virginis*, more than once reprinted at the end of the fifteenth century both in Latin and German; or again, the work called, *Das andechtig Zütgögglyn des lebens und lidens Christi nach den xxiiii stunden ussgeteilt*, Basel, 1492; or again, the Dutch *Onser lieer vrouwen Mantel*, 1492, and Leyden, 1518. In all these a survey is made of the Life of our Blessed Lord not as a history, but as an exercise of devotion.

ascetical writings. The account which he gives of his own past history, under the assumed name of Rupertus, in his *Liber Experientiarum*, leaves an impression of singular sincerity. He tell us with much *naïveté* of his father, a stern man, who was deeply religious in spite of some conspicuous failings; a man who "got drunk sometimes, and was then most pious in his behaviour, even more than when he was sober,"¹ but who never bought a loaf of bread for his family without cutting off the fairer portion for the poor. He tells us also of his own wild life as a young man, of his studies and the manner of his conversion, and then he goes on to disclose something of the workings of grace within his soul during the long years he had lived the austere life of a Carthusian. Now it is this good monk who states not in one passage merely, but on two or three different occasions, and in the most explicit terms, that he introduced the practice of meditating upon the Life of our Blessed Lord while saying the Hail Marys of the Rosary, and that he composed for that purpose a set of fifty *clausulæ* (phrases, or "tags," we might perhaps call them) to be added to the concluding words, *Jesu Christus*.² Lest any one should be tempted to tax the old Carthusian writer with vainglory, let me hasten to add that he had received an order of obedience to write down his experiences. Neither is it in any way clear that he wished to claim this novelty as his own invention. On the contrary, he tells the story of a vision vouchsafed to his Prior, Adolphus of Essen, who saw the saints of Heaven honouring our Blessed Lady and her Son in similar fashion. It may have been this very vision which first suggested to Dominic the idea which he worked out in the *clausulæ*. However that may be, we have a plain and definite statement, confirmed by his contemporaries

¹ "Solebat enim quandoque inebriari, licet tunc inebriatus piissimæ conversationis esset, magis quam sobrius esset, . . . nullum panem sinebat ex integro manducari a suis, sed de quolibet pulchriorem partem abscindens, pauperi præbebat." (Esser, *Beitrag zur Geschichte des Rosenkranzes*, p. 348.)

² It will be remembered that at this period the "second part" of the Hail Mary, "Holy Mary, Mother of God," &c., did not exist. It ended with the words, "thy womb, Jesus Christ. Amen." The statements of Dominic of Prussia are all quoted in full with their context in Father Esser's articles in *Der Katholik*, Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1897. For instance, Dominic says of Rupertus: "Meditationes et clausulas vitæ Jesu Christi ad Rosarium beatæ Mariæ ipse primus addidit." (p. 410.) Or again: "Post hoc frater quidam Carthusiensis ordinis ob studium majoris devotionis ac attentionis addidit vitam Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, secundum quod hic supra est assignata, unde et rosarium istud multum est decoratum." (p. 418. Cf. *ib.* pp. 421, 515.)

in the Order, that Dominic of Prussia began the meditations, and we still possess the *clausulæ* as he wrote them. They consist of fifty short sentences, each beginning with a relative *who*, *whom*, *whose*, &c., to connect the clause with the last word of the Hail Mary, *Jesus Christus*, and covering in their subject-matter the whole Life of our Lord from the Incarnation to the Ascension and Glory in Heaven. To take a few specimens at random, the following, for instance, is the first of these *clausulæ* :

Hail, Mary, &c., blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus Christ, Whom at the angel's word thou didst conceive of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

THE FIFTH :—Jesus Christ, Whom thou didst wrap in swaddling-clothes and lay in a manger. Amen.

THE EIGHTEENTH :—Jesus Christ, Whose feet Mary Magdalen washed with her tears, wiped with her hair, kissed and anointed. Amen.

THE THIRTY-SECOND :—Jesus Christ, Who prayed for His executioners, saying : " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Amen.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH :—Jesus Christ, Who at last assumed thee, His Blessed Mother, to Himself, placed thee at His right hand and gloriously crowned thee. Amen.

It will be noticed that these *clausulæ* follow the order of our present mysteries, but with many variations. Thus the whole fifteen mysteries, and more besides, are suggested for meditation in one Rosary, and not, as now, in three. Again, our Lord's public life is introduced and occupies nearly a dozen of the clauses, while, on the other hand, as seen in No. 48, just quoted, two of our mysteries may be compressed into one single clause. Still, the essential features of our present practice are plainly discernible ; the idea of meditation is introduced, and the train of thought follows at least the general lines with which we are now familiar. Moreover, Father Dominic made it clear in a supplementary note that this scheme was to be taken only as a suggestion of the method which each one might follow for himself, not tying himself down to the actual *clausulæ* provided for him, but supplying their place if devotion so prompted with others of his own invention.

Now, although there is no reason for suggesting that we have inherited our Rosary directly from the Carthusians of Treves, it must not by any means be supposed that the germ thus sown remained sterile. On the contrary, we learn that a very great lady, Margaret of Bavaria, the consort of Charles II., Duke of

Lorraine, having founded a monastery of Carthusians at Sierk, became intimate with Adolphus von Essen and Dominic. From them she learned this new manner of saying the Rosary. Indeed, the method was translated into German especially for her benefit, and it is recorded not only that she herself by its aid reached the highest paths of saintliness, but that she recommended and propagated it among people of all ranks and conditions,¹ both in Germany and France. The Duchess Margaret died in 1434; the foundation at Sierk was made in 1415; the apostolate of this Carthusian Rosary was therefore probably carried on actively in Lorraine and the other countries bordering thereon between those two dates.

Neither must it be supposed that even that greater wave of popular enthusiasm which resulted from the preaching of the Dominican, Alan de Rupe, and from the founding of the Holy Rosary confraternities, entirely obliterated the earlier impulse of Carthusian origin. Five years after the death of Alan there was printed at least twice in one year a little Rosary book, consisting of five quarto leaves. It is entitled, *Unser lyeben frowen Rosenkrantz und wie er von ersten ist offkummen*,² and it seems to find a counterpart in another little booklet of earlier date, a copy of which in manuscript belonged to Mgr. Greith, Bishop of St. Gall.³ There is every probability that this tiny work reproduces the very translation made for the Duchess Margaret. At any rate the fifty German *clausulæ* correspond accurately with those Dom Dominic referred to above. In both there is the same absence of *Pater nosters*, already commented upon in my last article. Moreover, the printed booklet justifies the promise made in its title to explain the origin of the Rosary by telling two short stories, which are illustrated by rough woodcuts.

¹ "Ipsa enim sciens quantum a Jesu et Maria receperat charismatum divinorum spiritualia dona per sua in Rosario predicto quotidiana exercitia, ne ipsa esset ingrata, alios ulterius, Barones, nobiles et ignobiles, viros ac mulieres plurimos sic exerceri in Teutonico vel Gallico docuerat, qui fere omnes in meliorem vitam sunt mutati virtute hujus Rosarii et Jesu Christi et suffragii Virginis Mariæ." (*Der Katholik*, Dec. 1897, p. 523.)

² These two editions seem to have appeared in Nuremberg and Spire in 1480.

³ See Danzas, *Étude*, iv. pp. 380, 419. In the particulars furnished by Mgr. Greith to Père Danzas, his lordship remarks: "Desiderantur autem peculiæ preces, v.g., ad S. Dominicum, aliosque Sanctos Sanctasque S. Ordinis Prædicatorum, ita ut nil in nostro codicello opinionem suffulcire queat eum a quodam Fratre Ord. Præd., sive confectum sive exaratum fuisse." One can only ejaculate—naturellement.

The first story is that of a knight who used to offer each day to our Lady a garland of flowers. But he entered a monastery, and became a lay-brother. Soon he found that he was too busy any longer to weave his daily garland, and this so troubled him, that he thought of leaving the monastery, whereupon an old Father told him he could give our Lady something which would please her more than all the most beautiful flowers in the world. He bade him repeat each day fifty Hail Marys *fur eynen Rosenkrantz*, and from that time the Brother kept saying Hail Marys all day long. Shortly after, he lost himself in a wood, and there knelt down to say his Rosenkrantz. Some robbers, who were in hiding in the forest, saw a beautiful lady standing in front of him, who from time to time took a flower from his lips and wove it into a garland.¹

The other story concerns a Carthusian monk of Treves, who had a vision of our Lady at the head of all the heavenly court, echoing the Rosary before the throne of God, and interceding for those who devoutly repeated it on earth. And when the word *Maria* was pronounced, all the saints made reverence to her, while when *Jesus* was pronounced, they saluted her Divine Son.

After this is printed the Hail Mary, ending as usual with the words, "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus Christ. Amen;" and this in turn is followed by the fifty different clauses to be added at the end of each Hail Mary; *e.g.*, Jesus Christ, "Whom thou a clean chaste maiden conceived of the Holy Ghost," Jesus Christ "having conceived Whom thou didst visit thy cousin St. Elizabeth," &c., exactly as has been already explained in the case of Dominic of Prussia.

Now both the stories just referred to are to be found

¹ This story of the rose-garland is of ancient date, and long before we find it in the writings of Dominic the Carthusian, it was told in German verse by a poet who lived in the thirteenth century (see Pfeiffer, *Marienlegenden*, No. xv.), the form of the legend being that narrated above. It also appears about the same period in Spain in a somewhat altered shape, being included among the *Canticas de Santa Maria* of King Alfonso el Sabio (*c.* 1270), who wrote in a sort of Portuguese. It is not here mentioned that the knight said fifty Hail Marys, or that he became a monk, but we are told that he offered each day a garland of roses, and if sufficient roses could not be obtained, he said a Hail Mary for each that was missing.

E aquesto cada dia
podêndo-as êl achar,
et se non, por cada rosa
disseste en seu logar
hũa vez "Ave Maria"
et assi fosse cercar
a guerlanda toda d'elas
et que ll' a fezess' atal. (No. cxxi.)

amongst the extracts which Father Esser has made from the writings of the Carthusian Dominic, though Father Esser himself does not seem to have met with the little rosary booklets of 1480 now under discussion. The recipient of the second vision, the monk *der ein Kartuser was zu Tryer*, was no other than Adolphus von Essen, the Prior and friend of Dominic, who, as already mentioned, not only heard the heavenly court chanting the Rosary, bowing at the name of Mary, and genuflecting at that of Jesus; but perceived also that they added to each Hail Mary *clausule* similar to those devised by Father Dominic of Prussia. In the rough wood-cut which illustrates the latter story in the booklet of 1480, Mary, with the child Jesus in her arms, is seen standing with the rest of the saints of Heaven before the Eternal Father. Beside her, and much more conspicuous than Apostles, Bishops, or Martyrs, is seen a lady with a royal crown. Is it possible that this may be intended to represent the Duchess Elizabeth? From the Life of her which was written shortly after her death by Adolphus of Essen himself, it appears that she was practically venerated as a saint by her Carthusian bedesmen.

It is curious that Father Esser, who has worked out so thoroughly and so skilfully from the original manuscript sources this development of the Rosary devotion among the Carthusians of Treves, seems to have overlooked a singularly interesting statement made in the Carthusian chronicle of Cologne at a slightly earlier date. A very famous Carthusian, Henry Egger, best known as Kalkariensis, who died aged eighty in 1408,¹ is there spoken of as having had a remarkable vision of Mary, the Mother of God, in which she taught him how to say a "Psalter" in her honour. He was bidden, the Carthusian chronicle reports, "first of all to say a *Pater noster*, and then ten *Ave Marias*, and so on until he had completed fifteen *Pater noster*s and one hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*. This revelation he communicated to one of the Priors of our Order in England; and from that time this psalter became so widely spread throughout almost the whole of England, that there was hardly any citizen in that country who did not possess one,² or who broke his fast until he

¹ He was held in such repute of sanctity that Blessed Peter Canisius inserted his name in the Martyrologium he compiled of the Saints of Germany.

² The Carthusian chronicle quoted here by Le Couteux (*Annals*, vol. vii. p. 3) seems to be using the word *psalterium* as the equivalent of the beads themselves. "Et exinde per totam quasi Angliam sic divulgatum fuit hoc psalterium, ut pene nullus civis foret ibidem qui non haberet illud, nec cibum gustaret nisi prius illo recitato."

had first recited it."¹ Dom Le Couteulx, writing in the seventeenth century, who cites these words from the chronicle, is doubtful whether Kalkar could justly be styled on this account the author of the Rosary, because the common opinion, which he does not venture to dispute, assigns that distinction to St. Dominic. In Le Couteulx's time, thanks to the wide diffusion of the Rosary confraternities, the Dominican claim was so noised abroad that it seemed impious to call it in question, but at the beginning of the fifteenth century no one, not even the Friars Preachers themselves, had ever heard of it.

Although it is obvious from the whole argument of these papers that Kalkar did not originate the Psalter of our Lady in so far as it consisted of 150 Hail Marys, I do not feel sure upon fuller consideration that there may not be a germ of truth in what is here recorded in the Carthusian chronicle of Cologne. It is certainly true that at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century we hear more of the Rosary in England than almost anywhere else, and it is particularly true that that form of our Lady's Psalter in which the *Aves* are divided into decades by *Paters* seems first of all to have become general in England. A passage illustrating this has already been quoted from Sir John Maundevile (c. 1400), and amongst the materials so diligently accumulated by Father Bridgett and Mr. Edmund Waterton, I would appeal especially to the statutes of Eton College dating from about 1440, which require the scholars to say daily "the complete Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, consisting of a *Credo*, 15 *Paters*, and 150 *Ave Marias*."² Though Le Couteulx speaks a little confusedly,³ there does not seem to be anything in his language to prevent our assigning Kalkar's supposed vision to his early life as a Carthusian, and consequently to about the year 1360 or 1365.

A trace of the Carthusian tradition in England, is, perhaps, to be discerned in a curious wood-cut preserved in a British Museum manuscript (Egerton, 1821), and reproduced opposite. Abbot Gasquet, who first called attention to it in the *Downside*

¹ The question is discussed in some of the early Rosary books whether it is obligatory to say the Rosary fasting.

² I quote this from Mother Drane's *Life of St. Dominic*, p. 131, but I have not verified the statement. In the Statutes of Canterbury Hall at Oxford (1362) the students are bidden to say daily for the founder "quingagesies Ave Maria cum Pater noster et Credo ut moris est." (Wilkins, *Concilia*, vol. iii. p. 56.) This does not necessarily imply that the *Pater* was said more than once.

³ Dom Le Vasseur, *Ephemerides*, vol. iv., in recording the same episode, does not seem to suggest that the vision belonged to Kalkar's last years.

Review, states that none of the Museum officials, though agreed as to its English origin, were able to indicate any book from which it has been taken. The MS. into which the original owner pasted this picture, along with two or three others, is entirely concerned with the Rosary, and it is probable that the leaf



EARLY ENGLISH ROSARY WOODCUT.

The monk with the beads is a Carthusian.

From MS. Egerton, 1821.

has been cut out of some printed treatise of similar scope. The contents of the manuscript itself manifest in the most unmistakable way the influence of the Dominican, Alan de Rupe;¹ but the monk in the picture (whose rosary, though barely dis-

¹ I refer particularly to Alan's curious theological view about the presence of Mary in the Saints, "*ratione ydearum divinarum*." Compare Egerton, 1821, fol. 18, r^o, with the statements in Alan's *Sponsus Novellus de Dignitate*, &c. (Edit. 1498), sig. B, ii. r^o, &c.

cernible in the reproduction, hangs by his side) is a *Carthusian* monk, as the habit shows.

I am inclined to conjecture that the wood-cut once formed part of a work on the Rosary, "*Psalterium Beate Marie Virginis cum articulis incarnationis, passionis et resurrectionis dni nri Jesu Christi*: Imprynted at London, in Flete Aley, the xxi. daye of October [1520?], by Symon Voter." Simon Vostre, the famous Paris printer of *Horæ*, is not known to have produced any other work than this in London, and it has so completely disappeared that the only surviving fragments are two leaves now preserved in the Bodleian. The picture, like the others in the same volume, has been covered with a sort of rain of red paint, presumably representing blood, and this, especially in the reproduction, has rather blurred the features of our Saviour, and hidden the really touching expression which the engraver has contrived to give them. The kneeling Carthusian asks: "Lord, I implore Thee, send to me salvation," and our Saviour, looking tenderly upon him, answers with His arm round the Cross: "My son, fly, overcome thyself, be silent, be at peace;"¹ in very truth an epitome of Carthusian spirituality. It was a point upon which Alan de Rupe insisted, that pictures skilfully drawn could be made very useful in the meditations of the Rosary; and the English compiler of this curious volume, quoting almost Alan's very words, says: "And in meditating Christ's bitter Passion, thou shalt have before thee in place of a book the representation of Christ suffering or crucified, as beautiful as may be, for what is fair pleases the eye, and what is foul begets repulsion, according to the philosopher."² But this is rather anticipating a point upon which a word must be said later on.

From the fragments preserved of Simon Vostre's Rosary Book, we know that it included meditations arranged according to the system of *clausulæ*, though they are not quite the same as those devised by Dominic the Carthusian. On the other hand Dominic's clauses are to be found almost unchanged in some early printed *Horæ ad usum Sarum*, while in a still larger number of instances the English *Horæ* contain a set of fifty versified additions, which follow and are clearly based upon the Carthusian arrangement of Treves. Thus the Sarum *Horæ* of 1512 adds to the first *Ave Maria*:

¹ *Fili, fuge, vince, tace, quiesce.*

² MS. Egerton, 1821, fol. 32. Cf. Alan's *Compendium* (Edit. 1488), sig. c, vii. r^o, &c.

Quem de Spiritu sancto angelo nunciante concepisti.¹

In a *Horæ* of 1526 and in several others we find

Quem virgo carens vitio de flamine concepisti

Dum Gabrieli nuntio humillime consensisti.

In discussing these formulæ for the recitation of the beads the late Mr. Edmund Waterton makes an observation which is worth reproducing here :

There is [he says] one remarkable fact connected with the Bead-Psalter of our Ladye, and its division into mysteries by St. Dominic. The Black Friars [the Dominicans] were numerous and popular in this country. They had eighty-six houses in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, yet so far as my researches enable me to speak, there is not the slightest trace of the Dominican arrangement or distribution of the Rosary into mysteries as it now exists to be found in England prior to the great apostasy.²

Mr. Waterton spoke from a very wide acquaintance with original sources, and he was much too devout a man to question the common attribution of the Rosary to St. Dominic. He writes consequently without intention. The fact only struck him as odd.

Whether the impulse came from the early Carthusian movement or not, there can be little doubt that England was in some way conspicuous among the nations of Europe during the fifteenth century for its devotion to the Rosary. The fact is curiously attested even in the revelations of Alan de Rupe. Although he, as far as my lights serve me, must undoubtedly be regarded as the inventor of the story of the apparition of our Lady to St. Dominic, it was nevertheless a part of his programme to maintain that the Rosary in itself was extremely ancient. He mentions St. Bartholomew, the Fathers of the Desert, St. Jerome, St. Benedict, St. Gregory, and St. Augustine, amongst those holy men who practised and propagated this exercise, but in a very especial way he singles out St. Bede the Englishman as its champion and apostle. Whether Alan, who was born and brought up in Brittany at an epoch when English influence was dominant there, had learned enough English to know that Englishmen called a rosary a pair of *beads*,³ or whether he selected the name at random as the earliest English Saint known to him, it is impossible now to decide ; but he

¹ Copy in the Stonyhurst Library.

² *Pictas Mariana Britannica*, p. 157.

³ This etymology was seriously propounded by some continental scholars at a later date.

makes a very curious statement concerning the popularity of the Rosary in England,¹ which I have not come across in any native source. "Most of all," he says, "did Bede, the excellent Doctor of the British, promote this Psalter of our Lady in England, and to this present day you may see the instruments for saying it (*psalteria manualia*) hanging up in the parish churches there for the use of those who may wish to offer up to God by means of their hands this sacrifice of humility."²

A few lines further on in his compendium, Alan himself bears indirect witness to the influence of the Carthusian movement by telling us, if one can trust his statement, that "many holy Carthusians have lent their support to the saying of Mary's Psalter by making a hundred and fifty salutations in verse founded upon the Psalms of David."³ Moreover, both he and his disciples relate the vision of the Carthusian monk of Treves, *v.c.*, our friend Adolphus von Essen, described above, and show themselves in other ways familiar with the Carthusian meditation system.⁴ Perhaps one of the latest traces of this

¹ Another curious statement made by Alan de Rupe concerning the Rosary in England is the following: "Among the English Dominicans it is observed by immemorial custom down to the present time (*ab ævo usque nunc*), that at their profession, along with the habit and belt, they receive also the psalter (*i.e.*, the rosary-beads) of the Mother and Queen of the Friars Preachers." This is found in his *Apologeticus* or *Tractatus Responsorius*, addressed to Ferric de Cluniaco, Bishop of Tournai, printed in the Swedish edition of the *Sponsus Novellus de Dignitate et Utilitate Psalterii* (1498), sig. R, viii. v^o.

² *Compendium Psalterii Mag. Alani de Rupe* (Edit. Lyons, 1488), sig. c. ii. r^o. The same statement appears in every work on the Rosary which took its inspiration from Alan, *e.g.*, in the *Quodlibet* of Michael Francisci de Insulis, O.P., in all its editions (see the Cologne Edition of 1480, sig. c. iii. r^o, where the accidental transposition of a line of type has caused a most curious jumble, perpetuated in subsequent copies); or again in the *Unser lieben Frauen Psalter* (Ulm, 1489), where chapter ii. with the heading: "From whom Mary's Psalter had its beginning and origin, and who has taught it us," commences thus: "The great teacher and doctor Bede, he it is who preached and taught this doctrine in England. And on that account there hang in every parish church in England to this day psalters, that is to say paternosters, for the use of those who wish to say these prayers." The *Beschlossen Gart* (1508) says absolutely that the Psalter of Mary was first preached by the Venerable Doctor Bede "four or five hundred years ago" (!).

³ He is probably referring to a *Psalterium B. Virginis* of the Carthusian Henry Egher of Calcar († 1408), already mentioned, consisting of 150 stanzas and beginning:

Ave virgo virginum, laus et lux iustorum,
Ad te clamat jugiter turba populorum,
Nos a malis eripe, quos in via morum
Detorquere satagit tractus vitiorum.

Peter Dorlandus, another Carthusian of the same period († 1443), also wrote "duas coronas rosaceas B. Mariæ, versibus heroicis," as well as a *Psalterium B. Virginis majus*, and a *Psalterium B. Virginis minus*. (See Petreius, *Bib. Cartusiana*, p. 174.)

Cf. *Sponsus Novellus*, sig. z, iv. v^o.

first stirring of popular devotion to the Rosary, is to be detected in the casual allusion of a Jesuit writer, Father Boniface, at the close of the sixteenth century. I have not been able to obtain access to the book itself, but I take the passage as I find it quoted in Choquet :

When the roses of this rosary were falling to pieces and the fervour was growing cool which Eloynus (*sic*) the Carthusian had formerly enkindled, in order by the medicine of the rosary to banish from Germany a wasting pestilence,—when the fervour, I say, was cooling which Dom Dominic had done most to fan into flame, the Virgin Mother of God, the discoverer of all medicines for souls and the expeller of all diseases, laid her commands on Alan to gather together once more sodalities of the Rosary.¹

I confess that when I first read this passage written long after the general acceptance of the Dominican legend, I assumed that the D. Dominicus of the Latin text must stand for Divus Dominicus, the founder of the Preachers; but reflection suggests that this is probably a mistake. D. Dominicus is not the Saint, but Dom Dominic of Prussia, the Carthusian. The relation of the words *accenderat* and *inflammaverat* shows this, and the interpretation D.=Dom, a title habitually given to Carthusians as well as to Benedictines, is in this place much more natural than D.=Divus. And with this springs up the query: May not some similar misinterpretation of an allusion to Dom Dominic have suggested to the susceptible mind of Alan de Rupe that the holy founder of his Order was also the creator of the Rosary? Once plant such an idea in the thought of a man like Alan, and the visions follow as a matter of course.² Obviously this is a pure conjecture incapable of any sort of proof. But it would enable us to understand how Alan de Rupe asserted in all good faith that St. Dominic was the first author of this his favourite devotion.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ "Cum rosarii rosæ defluerent ac fervor intepesceret quem quondam Eloynus Carthusianus accenderat, quæ (*sic*, quo?) sævissimam Germaniæ pestem Rosarii medicina fugaret, quemque D. Dominicus omnium maxime inflammaverat, deipara Virgo, animorum medicinæ inventrix expultrixque morborum, Alano mandavit ut Rosarii sodalitates rursus aggregaret," &c. (Bonifacius, S.J., quoted by Father Choquetius, O.P. (an. 1618), *Sancti Belgii Ord. Predicatorum*, p. 206.)

² I am sorry to express what may seem so unfavourable an opinion of Alan de Rupe, a Religious who has been held in veneration by many, without for the moment being able to justify the view I have taken. Unfortunately space does not permit me to discuss the question in the present article, but I hope to do so fully in my next. For the present be it said that if Alan is ever called Blessed (as *e.g.*, by Père Danzas and Mother Drane), this is only a courtesy title. He has never been beatified, and the Bollandists disallow his claim.

One Woman's Work.

CHAPTER III.

THUS the days rolled on, till May gave way to June, and June to July, with all the dust and glare, oppression and exhaustion which characterize that month in London; and the season showed decided signs of decadence. So slowly had the time passed to Joan, that she felt as if she had already spent a lifetime under her uncle's roof, and had no more to learn about anybody. She had done much to soothe her aunt's injured feelings, by positively refusing to be taken out in society by her. Mrs. Venn honestly pressed the point, partly because she never wished to put herself in the wrong by the neglect of an obvious duty, and partly because—like many people who have everything their own way—she really enjoyed the sense of being a victim. In this case, however, the victimization would have been too real to be enjoyable, and she was genuinely glad to be saved from it. Maud quietly acquiesced in an arrangement which was so obviously to her own advantage; but Freda protested against it. She felt it to be unfair that her cousin, who was occupying the place of a daughter of the house, should be deprived of an enjoyment which, in spite of the unselfishness which made her cheerfully ready to abdicate for the social benefit of her younger sisters, was to herself most keen. It was with difficulty that Joan could succeed in persuading her that her only reason for refusing to go out to balls and parties was her desire not to end her days in a lunatic asylum. At last, however, she conclusively proved to her cousins that after her quiet and uneventful years at Fiesole, her present life, without any additional excitement, was as much dissipation as her feeble brain would stand.

A girl must, indeed, have been possessed by a perfect craze for excitement, who could have complained of the daily life at Eaton Place as dull. From early morning, or rather from that advanced hour when the day of the Venn family began, till

late at night, there was an unceasing succession of visiting and visitors. Every meal was the centre of social gatherings; and luncheon, tea, and dinner-parties spread themselves over the day. Joan was, of course, mixed up a good deal in this whirlpool of social intercourse, and made some few friends, or rather acquaintances. Usually, however, she sat apart, amused, bewildered, and, perhaps, slightly censorious looker-on, straining her wits to understand the language spoken around her. In vain! The talk was strange, and its matter more strange; and doubtless she would have felt less alone had she been planted down in some Indian or African village.

Two of the family were as little in their element as she, namely, Swithin and his father. The boy felt too shy in company to face it, and spent hours in his room, reading novels, playing with his dogs, or sulking and doing nothing. Mr. Venn also kept out of the way as much as he could, though there was scarcely a day when he was not made to dine out, or to preside at an uncongenial dinner-party in his own house. There, planted down between two ladies, with whom he had nothing in common and with whom he vainly tried to make small-talk, he usually gave himself over in an absent-minded manner to his own thoughts, and bored his unfortunate guests as much as he was himself bored. During the rest of the day he disappeared, and occupied himself in his own way, his existence being altogether ignored by his family.

Magdalen, who had been ailing all her short life, and who, though twelve years old, looked more like a puny child of nine, shrank nervously from everybody, mother, sisters, and governess, with whom she had to do, but was the only one of his children to whom her father was an entity, and the only one with whom he held any communion. She would, when she might, and even when she might not, steal away to his room, where she sat, quiet as a mouse, with her doll's work or book while he read or wrote. Sometimes on a wet day or a holiday she would sit there for hours, feeling quite contented, for though neither she nor Mr. Venn opened their lips, they quite understood each other. Occasionally he made an effort to talk to the child, and even asked her questions in her catechism, a fact which made that portion of her education a real delight, whereas every other branch was a purgatory to her, owing to her own incapacity for learning and mademoiselle's incapacity for teaching.

When scenes took place between Mrs. Venn and her meek-tempered husband, as they too frequently did, especially during the nerve-rasping months of the London season, Magdalen used to gaze at her parents with large and wondering eyes, her little heart bounding with an indignation against her mother which she was powerless to express, even to herself. Then, sometimes, if Mr. Venn caught her gaze, the tearful look of distress would melt from his eyes, and give place to that humorous twinkle which conveyed so much to those who knew him; and both he and his little daughter would feel comforted.

These scenes between Mr. and Mrs. Venn affected Joan most painfully, and, like Magdalen, her heart swelled with indignation for her gentle, long-suffering uncle. The evil was unmitigated, yet all she could do was to ignore it. The older girls looked on as if the situation were a matter of course, and chimed in discordantly only when their own interests were attacked. Swithin, if present, would sit by, or rather lounge—for he never did anything else—with his novel on his knee, apparently regardless of what was taking place. But if the discord waxed louder than usual, his brow would become sullen, and he would bite his nails savagely, and leave the room. He neither said nor did anything, but Joan felt sure, that could she read his thoughts, she would meet with sympathy.

One morning when, as was her wont, Joan issued from the house on her way to Mass, while its inmates, with the exception of her uncle, were, as she thought, wrapped in sleep, she found Swithin outside with his dogs.

"Off to Mass?" he growled. His tone was almost rude, for at the best of times he could never gather himself together sufficiently to speak civilly. "If you don't mind waiting half a minute while I put the dogs away, I'll go with you. I don't know why I shouldn't, as I am up," he added, apologetically, afraid that she should think him better than he was.

"I want a talk with you," he pursued, as they walked on together. "I've been wanting it for days, but there is such a mob in the house that there is no getting at you. It is a grand chance finding you like this outside that beastly place."

"Swithin!"

"It is beastly, and they are all beastly! And I am a beast; and I think I shall emigrate to America."

He spoke of emigration as a mere figure whereby to express

his discontent with his home ; and was rather taken aback when Joan turned round, and, looking at him with her clear eyes, said :

"I am not sure that it would not be the best thing you could do."

"Do you mean it?" said the overgrown boy.

"Well, I suppose I do not quite mean it," she replied. "Anyhow, I have no right to offer an opinion. But if it is the only thing which would make you do something with your life, I think it would be the best thing you could do."

"Don't be hard on me, Joan," he returned, in a low voice. "I know I am a useless dog ; but you don't know half. I know nothing ; I have been taught nothing ; and I have seen nothing. My father, after Neville came to grief, was so frightened that he kept me tied up here at home, for all the world like a girl ; till I'm sick of it, with its beastly quarrelling and bickering and gossiping. I know nothing, but I have never had a chance."

"Oh, yes you have," replied the girl, with a brightness which removed all sting from her reproachful words. "If you had made the most of any one chance you have had, you would be twice the man you are."

"Don't be down on me, Joan. I know I could be different ; but on my word and honour, I am bored to death with doing nothing."

"Why don't you do something?"

"Don't I tell you that my father cannot bear the thought of it?"

"But he would, if you made him understand how bad idleness is for you."

"Well, and if he does give his consent, what am I fit for at my age? I have had no education to speak of, and I am not clever. Just ask my mother her opinion of me, and she will tell you what an ass I am," replied Swithin, bitterly.

"I don't quite believe you are stupid," said Joan, in a tone of honest doubt.

"In a fit of energy," continued the boy, "while I was still working with a tutor, I thought I would have a bid for one of those Local University Exams, but I had to give it up. Brock saw it was no go, and advised me to give it up without trying. I dare say he thought my mother would pitch into us both if I failed too badly."

"But, Swithin, please do something. I would rather see you

breaking stones on the road than loafing about in the wretched way you do, neither working nor enjoying yourself. It seems to me such dreadful waste of material—but here we are.”

After they left the church, Swithin began the conversation, talking more freely than before.

“I am glad to have heard Mass, and I will come again with you, if all is well,” said he. “I don’t mean that I am devout, I wish I were; but it makes me anyhow remember that I am a Catholic, which one is apt to forget at home.”

His tone was softer, and Joan answered in accordance with it. “I know, Swithin,” she replied, “that home is not all one might wish it to be; but after all, our own lives are in our own hands, and we need not drift with the current.”

“But the current is awfully strong, Joan, especially if one has been born and bred in it. Home is a sort of pandemonium, and—I know it without your telling me—I don’t do much to mend matters. We are somehow all wrong in a lump; and I think we all make each other worse. During these confounded months in London, I think each one of us forgets he has a soul.”

“Your father does not,” Joan put in, tentatively.

“Poor father!” said Swithin, musingly.

“That is just it,” cried Joan, impatiently. “That is what you all say about Uncle Austen. You all sigh and say, ‘Poor father! poor papa!’ and there is not one of you fit to tie his shoe-string. If you chose—you, especially—how different you could make his life for him!”

“Stuff! he does not care twopence for me!”

“You think so?” questioned Joan. “Why, he is afraid of you all, except little Magdalen. He thinks you despise him, and he shrinks more and more into his own life. You, none of you, know what a really holy life he leads. He spends hours at prayer; and sometimes, when he is sure of getting back before Aunt Ella awakes, I have seen him at Mass, praying, and looking a different man from what he does at home. I don’t mind talking to you like this, for you will understand me. I believe that you love him; but I don’t think that any of you know what a man he is.”

“No, I don’t think we do,” replied Swithin, with a sort of grim humour.

“Poor, gentle Uncle Austen,” continued Joan, impetuously, “how different his life could have been! Why, his dear, tender

heart is simply chilled and nipped by the harsh east wind that is always blowing on him!"

"Do you mean my mother?" asked Swithin, simply. "She does bully him a bit, certainly."

Joan coloured, for her words had unwittingly betrayed the real reason of her vehemence.

"Well," she said, "let us leave that; it is neither your business nor mine. But, Swithin, why don't you do more for him? His heart is almost broken with anxiety about Neville and Edith; and he takes it for granted that you are all drifting in the same direction. If he only knew what a good fellow you are, it would make him very happy, and twice as strong. But you will not let him see it."

"The less he knows of me the better for him," growled the boy. "But, anyhow, I am a Catholic."

"So you are, all of you."

"Yes, but I mean I am one in my sympathies. Don't be shocked when I say that a spirit of contradiction has something to do with it. My mother is so down on all the Catholic side of us, that it has made me take up arms for it, and side with my father. Don't be shocked. You must take it as an accepted fact in our happy family, that each of us sides with one or other of our parents. But, having taken up the cudgels for that side, I have got to be as proud of all that is Catholic in our family, as I am ashamed of all that is half Catholic or wholly Protestant in it. And I love to be at Brookethorpe, and think of the days—such a beastly long time ago—when there was something to be proud of. When we are there together I will tell you dozens of stories I have raked up, about the risks run and losses sustained by the Venns in defence of the faith. When I am down there I live in those old days, and I love every old stone about the place, as much as I hate all the smart, new-fangled finery my mother has filled it with. But, thank God, she cannot do away with the blood in my veins!"

Joan gazed, somewhat astonished, at her cousin; for she had not guessed at that hidden stratum of romance which lay hidden in the ungainly boy.

"Do something worthy of that blood," she said, very gently; "and be sure that those old confessor ancestors of ours will pray for you. And make a friend of your father, and ask his advice about your life."

"He will be pretty well astonished at any one asking his

advice," replied Swithin, with a sudden relapse into his habitual moody, cynical state; for, while talking, they had turned the last corner into Eaton Place, and the associations connected with the street were too much for him.

"Swithin," said Joan, stopping, and making him stop; "I cannot bear that you should talk like that. Unless we are fools or blind, we cannot, of course, fail to see how things are at home; but the very worst evil of all, is the way you look at it and sneer at it."

CHAPTER IV.

"I DON'T think it right!"

Such was Joan Loraine's decided opinion, volunteered before her assembled cousins in the deserted school-room, one Sunday afternoon. The occasion which led to the remark was this. After a week of continual going out, day after day and night after night, and having gone to bed about two o'clock on that particular Sunday morning, Maud had awaked with such a splitting sick headache that there had been no question of her being able to get up and go to Mass.

"What a bore you are becoming with that sense of duty of yours," said Freda, good-humouredly. "You will end by destroying the family's peace of mind; and then I will never forgive you."

"I never meant to knock myself up," observed Maud, plaintively; and indeed she looked a pitiable and washed-out object. "And after all there was no harm in my missing Mass; for it was not my fault."

"I am not thinking of that," replied Joan. "But no, no, no," she continued with young intolerance, "I cannot, and I will not think it right to spend all these months in such fierce pleasure-hunting and pleasure-following that all your wits are boiled out of you, and you are as far from what you are meant to be as any besotted village labourer who spends half his life in a public-house."

"Go it, Joan," said Swithin, applaudingly, from a far corner.

"It seems such waste of time," she resumed, in a quieter tone; for Swithin's applause made her feel ashamed of her impolite vehemence.

"We do no harm," expostulated Freda, pleasantly, for her cousin's scoldings never put her out.

"You do no good, which is the same thing," retorted Joan, bluntly.

"I don't see that," said Freda, taking the defensive more on Maud's account than her own. "We enjoy ourselves, and after all we have no special work to do in life, and I don't see why we should not be happy."

"Well," replied Joan, resignedly, "I suppose you may, if that is your way of being happy; but for my part I should go melancholy mad if I did not feel that I had something to live for."

"Dear me, now comes that everlasting old duty again!" exclaimed Bertha, with a piteous shrug of her shoulders; but neither of her sisters took up her words, or responded to her appeal to cast ridicule on their cousin.

"Yes, it is everlasting, and I hope it will be everlasting," replied Joan, a little sharply; for Bertha always contrived to arouse within her an irate feeling of opposition. "For," she added, "it is all that makes life a pleasure."

"Give us the benefit of your wisdom, Joan," said Swithin, rousing himself at last from the perusal of his novel, which he shut up with a bang.

"Yes," continued Joan, casting a somewhat fierce look at the lazy boy; "if I did not think that every minute of the day was of some use, I should not care to live."

"Go on, Joan," said Freda, in a tone which induced the girl to proceed; "for I don't see what more you can find to do than we can."

"Life is so wonderfully interesting, if you take it in the way I mean. If you feel that every minute is meant for some purpose, and that your business is to find out what it was meant for, and make it mean what it was meant for, why, one's life becomes more exciting than any of Swithin's novels could be!"

"That is all very well in theory," persisted Freda; "but as a matter of fact there are very few events in life; and I still think that the most any of us can do is to try to keep out of harm."

"Then you must resign yourself to life being a bore," responded Joan, downrightly.

"Go on, Joan, do go on," pleaded little Magdalen, who perceived that her cousin meant to say no more.

"What I mean is this," pursued Joan, to whom life in all its aspects was so real that she had no false shame or feelings of

shyness about introducing higher subjects into ordinary conversation. "I look on myself as a piece of machinery made by God's hands for some definite object; and I know that this piece of machinery—which is me—has a soul and free-will, and is allowed to have a great deal to do with its own business in life. I have to work the machinery, but it is not I who steer it, so that each day is an excitement; for I don't know where I am going, nor what the next job will be that will turn up for the machine to do. I am afraid that my metaphors are a little confused, but I think you will understand what I mean. One can never foretell what one will meet with to do at the next turning of the lane; and sometimes all things seem possible."

"And yet," reiterated the matter-of-fact Freda, "exciting jobs do not seem to turn up."

"It all depends on the light in which you look at it," said Joan.

"But, Joan," put in Maud; "I do not think that you can find much to feed your energy on here. You are so out of our amusements that I am sometimes afraid that you must find your life here with us even more dull than it was in the convent."

"Plenty of time to oil that machine of yours, eh Joan?" observed Swithin. His cousin smiled, and then answered Maud's remark, ponderingly.

"It is true," she said; "I do not seem to have any cut and dried duties here. That often occurs to me; but I always think that something is going to turn up; and I like my life here."

"You are not hard to please," growled Swithin.

"I try," continued Joan, disregarding the interruption, "I try to think that every step I take, every invitation card I write, every inane remark I make at dinner-parties, every potato I pass to hungry cousins, is the duty I have to do; and I console myself as best I can for this evident proof that I am not considered a skilled labourer."

All her cousins except Magdalen laughed. Joan made her remarks with such a droll demureness that even the most captious could find no trace of sermonizing in them.

"I think you do more than that," observed Magdalen, wisely. "Papa seems to lean on you more than on any of us."

"Right you are, Baby," exclaimed Swithin, addressing his little sister by a name which she tolerated only from him.

"Yes, I am afraid I am," sighed the white-faced child. "Poor papa!"

"Oh, Magdalen," said Bertha scornfully, "you are always on papa's side. I am going to stick to mama."

"Shut up!" said Swithin, roughly. It was not that he so much disapproved of the remark, as that he knew that it would jar on and offend Joan, for whose opinion he had gradually acquired a great regard. That opinion was now freely expressed.

"How dare you say that sort of thing, Bertha," she exclaimed, indignantly. "Even if I have no natural duties here, I am sure that you have plenty; and you have no business—any of you—to talk in that way about your parents, and pretend that you can stick to one without sticking to the other."

Bertha snorted contemptuously. "How can we help it," she began; but Freda, anxious to keep the peace, interrupted her, and, turning to Joan, said: "I don't think that you have ever realized what difficulties we have always had about that. Perhaps your parents were agreed, and worked well together; but papa and mama have always had opposite views; and from our babyhood it has come as a matter of course to us to decide which side we are on. I dare say that the difference in religion began it; but certain it is that they never agree, and always want different things about us, their children."

"Perhaps it cannot be helped," said Joan; "but I am very sorry."

"I know who always gets the best of it!" cried Bertha, triumphantly.

"You see," hastily interposed Freda, anxious to put into pleasanter language what she knew her younger sister was about to say; "mama has all the will, and gets her way with papa, and with all of us."

"Poor papa!" murmured Magdalen, softly. What she considered to be her father's wrongs had sunk deeply into her affectionate little heart; and it was only the reserve of her nature which prevented her from giving vent to the profound resentment against her mother which it aroused, and which the morbid little creature interpreted to be an heroic sentiment. The poor little girl was, in a sense, only a nominal Catholic; and had been more cut off than her sisters from all those aids to healthy mental growth which are the blessed birthright of Catholic children. The older girls had fallen under the influence of an English governess, who, though somewhat of a time-server, and convinced that the only way through the difficulties of doing

her duty towards the Protestant mother of her charges lay in a system of compromise, with a tendency against the claims of her own religion, was nevertheless a good Catholic, and used her influence for good in general matters. But she had left some years before this, and all the religious instruction and help that poor neglected little Magdalen received came from Mademoiselle Bertrand, whose Catholicism was of the shallowest. Magdalen's attachment to her faith was, in spite of these disadvantages, stronger than that of her sisters; and though it probably resulted from partisanship with her father, was a very living reality to her. All that she knew of her religion came from her few conversations on the subject with Mr. Venn, which he was too shy and diffident to multiply. Thus it was that the sickly little girl lived in a morbid, day-dreaming world of her own, akin to that of children who grow up without any sacraments at all.

"I think the best thing is not to talk about your father and mother," said Joan, gently, as she gazed thoughtfully at her quaint little cousin, whose character and troubles she instinctively gauged, and about whom she had often wondered, asking herself whether it lay in her power to help to straighten the crooked little mind.

"But we must, Joan, we must," replied Freda, quickly; "that is to say, if we are to talk at all about our life and its duties. You always shut us up the moment we begin on this subject, and you do not see that it is the key-note to the whole thing."

So Joan resigned herself not altogether unwillingly. She often speculated about the state of domestic affairs in her uncle's house; and it was difficult to observe the law of silence which she had imposed on herself. There was, moreover, an unaffected, unspiteful tone about those oddly brought up cousins of hers which encouraged her. Bertha was the only one whose tongue she feared.

"Now then," resumed Freda, when she understood that Joan had removed her veto; "as to this going out, which you pitch into us about. Mama insists on it."

"Then do it as a duty."

This occasioned a general laugh, for Joan knew as well as they did that it was anything but a sense of duty which made the girls so insatiable about going into society.

"But anyhow," Freda went on, "if we did make any opposition, she would be very much put out."

"And pitch into papa about it," put in Bertha, pertainly.

"Then again," continued Freda, totally ignoring her sister's parenthesis, "there is another difficulty—a real one, or anyhow one which might become a real one any day. Mama has, I must tell you, behaved wonderfully well and loyally about our religion. Our nurses, maids, and governesses have all been Catholics; and she let us all go to convents for a week to make our First Communions, except Magdalen, who has not made hers yet. And though she does not of course suffer about poor Edith, I don't think she would have wished her to do as she has done. But still, it is of no use denying it, I know she dislikes us all being Catholics. The subject is distasteful to her; and she tries to ignore it, and would very much dislike anything that brought it forward prominently. I don't quite know what she would do if any of us were to be very pious."

"That affliction is spared her at any rate," growled Swithin, his words forming a bass accompaniment to the conversation without interrupting its flow.

"She does not like the whole family being Catholic," said Maud. "She would like to have some of us to go to church with her on Sundays. I always think she looks put out when she goes alone."

"It does seem rather a shame," was Bertha's comment on the situation.

"But, Maud," resumed Freda, again ignoring Bertha; "I think she minds our going to Mass less than other things; for, after all, most people go to church on Sunday, and there is nothing marked about it. It is anything that makes us peculiar that she dislikes. For instance, she would hate us to abstain on Fridays; but, as I told you before, Joan, Dr. Hake, our old family doctor, will not hear of any of us abstaining, so we have no choice. I know that she is put out at even papa doing it; and I believe she thinks that Swithin does it on purpose to vex her."

"Very likely he does," put in Bertha.

"Well, he has no choice, I suppose," said Joan, "unless Dr. Hake has included him on the general sick-list."

"He has included me," said little Magdalen, piteously; and, indeed, she looked as if any sick-list were the most proper place for her. "I begged and begged him to say I might abstain like papa and Swithin; but he only laughed, and mama was very cross with me."

"Then," resumed Freda, "though I believe you go to Mass

most mornings, we could never manage it here in London with the late hours we keep ; and besides, mama would be really angry if we tried it."

"Besides," interrupted Maud, "it would not be fair on our poor maids. We keep them up till any hour at night, and we could not expect them to get up early to dress us in the morning."

"And in the country?" asked her cousin.

"It is difficult there," replied Freda, quickly. "As I told you before, soon after they married, mama got papa to shut up the chapel at Brookethorpe: and the church is nearly a mile away. When I am very good, I go sometimes; but really Maud and the children are not strong enough, and I know mama would be very angry. For there is no doubt that she does not wish us to be too Catholic."

"She is afraid of its standing in the way of our marrying," said sharp Bertha; for which remark her elder sisters rebuked her with a vehemence sufficiently marked to convince Joan that they knew her words to be true.

"You see," said Maud, languidly and apologetically, "there are no Catholic men. I don't think we ever meet one in our set, except Edwin Galbraith; and no one could dream of looking on him matrimonially."

"I am sure," put in Freda before Joan had time to reply, "that I do not want to marry at all; but if I do, I shall have to put up with a Protestant husband."

"If you hang on much longer, mama will never forgive you," said the irrepressible Bertha; for which remark Swithin kicked her, and she discreetly moved to the other side of Joan.

"But," protested the latter, "would you, could you do so, after what has happened to Edith?"

"Oh," cried Freda, "I hope and trust that we should none of us marry in the way she did."

"I bet you Bertha will if she gets the chance," growled Swithin.

"But really, Joan, we shall have to marry Protestants," said Maud, appealingly. "Here we are—four girls; and what are we to do? There are no Catholic men; so how can we help it?"

Joan was silent, but it was so evident that her silence did not give consent, that Freda took up Maud's apology. "You see," said she, "that we are not like you. You have never known any but Catholic things; and you have been five years

in a convent ; so very likely you could not marry a Protestant—though even you cannot say it would be wrong. But we have been mixed up with the other side since babyhood, and are able to make allowances that no doubt you would not make. And really, provided that we do all that is right about it, I do not see why we should not get on very well with Protestant husbands, provided, of course, that we cared for them in other ways. I don't think it reasonable to expect every one to look on religion as a matter of life and death as you do."

"But if it is not a matter of life and death, I don't quite see what is," observed Joan, drily.

"I don't think that I could marry a Protestant," said Magdalen, simply.

Joan and the others laughed ; but seeing the flush that suffused her little cousin's white face, Joan put her arm round her tenderly, and said : "That's right, Magdalen, you and I agree, and we will take our stand together against the others. It depends on how you look on marriage," she continued, turning to her elder cousins, "whether as the end of life, or as a means to the end. If it is an absolute necessity, then you must marry a Protestant if you cannot marry a Catholic ; in the same way that you must eat bad food if you cannot get good. But if it is only a means to an end—to the end for which you were created—I do not see that a mixed marriage is likely to be a short cut to the end."

"Well, let us drop the subject," interposed Freda, hastily. "I don't think that I or any of us have any opinions about it, good, bad, or indifferent. It has always seemed to me a little inevitable, that is all. Will you look at your watch, Swithin ? It must be getting on for tea-time."

CHAPTER V.

FREDA had spoken with such an evident desire to change the subject, that Joan looked round for an explanation. The deep crimson which suffused Maud's cheeks afforded a clue, for the poor girl had an unhappy gift of blushing whenever she most wished to conceal her emotions.

Two years before, her life had been poisoned by an unfortunate love affair, which, though the natural outcome of the want of

wisdom of herself and her mother, was none the less deplorable. Even under happier and healthier circumstances Maud Venn would never have been overburdened by wisdom, but it so happened that during her most impressionable years she was exposed to evil influences, and her mind had been a good deal damaged by the foolish ideas that were put into it. For this her eldest sister, Edith, was chiefly responsible, she having—before she wrecked her own life by her wretched marriage—contrived to do as much harm in her home as a foolish girl well could do, by filling her younger sisters' heads with mischievous nonsense, and by accentuating her mother's worldly views for her daughters. Being the eldest girl, she received unchecked the full benefit of Mrs. Venn's views of education and of her endeavours to minimize Catholic tendencies; and, unfortunately, Edith's nature was one likely to imbibe all that was most hurtful in the system. She was very pretty, and as foolish as she was pretty. As a little girl she had always played at being in love, and had made herself ridiculous with every little boy playmate. As she grew older her love-making tendencies increased; and had she been at a boarding-school she would probably have spent her time in clandestine correspondences and intrigues, and would most likely have ended by eloping with the dancing-master. But, growing up as she did under the eye of a vigilant, practical, and, moreover, sympathetic mother, her sentimental tendencies took no more dangerous a form than a great deal of unhealthy, mawkish castle-building, and a considerable amount of hurtful, wishy-washy nonsense poured into the ears of her young sisters. It is scarcely necessary to say that when Edith emerged into the London world, it was with the one and only idea of finding the reality of the fairy prince of her day-dreams.

Alas, her first and last London season was fatally successful; and not only did she secure a husband, but she turned for good and all the balance of her mother's aims about settling her daughters in life. From thenceforward Mrs. Venn's fixed idea of marrying the remaining girls as brilliantly as Edith made her fretful and fidgety, as well as fiercely intolerant of any impediment, whether spiritual or temporal, which met her in the way.

But the career of her second daughter, Freda, was a bitter disappointment to Mrs. Venn. The girl's want of both beauty and brilliancy, nay, the very sterling qualities which made her act unconsciously as a drag on her mother's worldly designs, rendered the years that she was taken out a dismal failure. The

efforts made by the mother to advance her daughter's worldly interests were self-sacrificing, devoted and almost heroic, but they met with no reward of the kind that she desired to reap. Freda keenly felt her mother's disappointment in her, and did her best, poor girl, to respond to her efforts, thereby nearly succeeding in spoiling her sweet, unworldly nature. Left to herself she would have very much enjoyed society in her own commonplace way, but a sense of hopeless struggling to be what she was not, and to play a part that nature never intended her to play, poisoned her happiness. For six years had she been in the world, and no eligible admirer had been seen; and Freda felt a deep mortification for her mother's sake, which she was too humble and simple-minded to have felt for herself.

Thus it happened that both Mrs. Venn and unselfish Freda longed for the appearance in society of Maud, the beauty of the family; and built on it all their hopes of release from monotony and disappointment. Unfortunately, neither of them were wise enough to conceal this from Maud, who, silly girl, grew to look on herself as a social prodigy, destined by a speedy and brilliant marriage to change the face of the family fortunes, and who entered on her first season with the distinct and unveiled idea that matrimony was the end of life.

With her pretty face, her desire to please, and the many opportunities of shining that were afforded her, it is not surprising that Maud was soon surrounded by a group of admirers, some of whom were in her delighted mother's eyes truly eligible; though it need scarcely be said that not one of these admirers was a Catholic. Had Maud been a simple-minded girl she would have been as happy as a butterfly, and have basked in the sunshine of her popularity; but, unfortunately for her enjoyment, she could regard these foolish young men solely in the light of possible husbands, and spent her youthful powers of amusement in trying to secure one of them. She made an unwise selection, for the young man on whom she fixed her hopes, and for whom she cast off all her other admirers, was—though a most desirable son-in-law, being a lord and wealthy into the bargain—not bent on matrimony. As soon as his practised senses told him that he was being hunted, he withdrew his attentions. No harm might have been done had Maud accepted the situation; but, unfortunately both she and her mother persisted in misconstruing his conduct, and imagined attentions which did not exist. The young man,

feeling the meshes winding round him, and being, no doubt, in a panic lest he should be entangled against his will, was driven to extricate himself at the cost of a pointed and almost ungentlemanlike behaviour which neither Mrs. Venn nor Maud could fail to understand. Neither mother nor daughter ever spoke about him, but the disagreeable episode inflicted a rankling wound on Mrs. Venn's pride, and—as she thought—nearly broke Maud's heart. Fortunately, however, Maud's heart was but little concerned in the matter, though her dignity suffered a terrible blow, which ought to have taught her wisdom.

At the time of the present story she had recovered from the shock, and had, if truth be told, begun to angle in other waters. The only relic of the old, ugly scar was a sensitiveness on the subject of possible husbands and the search for them. Any such allusion was sure to suffuse her cheeks with blushes, about which Swithin and Bertha, with youthful cruelty, did not fail to tease her. The humiliating experience rankled more deeply and lastingly in Mrs. Venn's memory; and the bitterest part of it was that—whether rightly or wrongly—she was convinced that the desirable son-in-law had withdrawn solely because Maud was a Catholic.

"Talking about Brookethorpe," observed Maud, quite inconsequently, saying the first thing that came into her head, so anxious was she to cover her discomfiture, and break the awkward pause which had followed on her visible confusion; "it quite went out of my head to tell you whom I met last night—Baldur Roy!"

"What!" cried Freda, excitedly; "is he come back? I did not think he could arrive in England so soon."

"Who and what is he?" asked Joan, seeing that this unknown Baldur was an object of no common interest to the Venns.

"Who is he?" was Freda's response. "Oh, how funny that you should not know! He is almost like our brother. He is our nearest neighbour in the country; or rather his father and mother are. They live on the other side of the road, their lodge facing ours. Their place, Cliffe, used to belong to mama's father, and Mr. Roy bought it just before Baldur was born. Baldur himself has been abroad now for quite four years, almost ever since he left Oxford; but when we were all children, he

and his sister and we were always together like brothers and sisters. There is nobody like him—but he may be changed."

"Baldur!" mused Joan. "What an extraordinary name!"

"Oh, that was part of his father's crackiness. He is always living in some extinct race or other. At the time that his children were born, his one craze was the old Scandinavian mythology. They say that he knows more about the old runic writings—or whatever they are called—than anybody in England. If you write to him—not that you would be bold enough to do so really, for he is a regular ogre—you must have a large envelope for the address, for he has nearly all the letters of the alphabet tacked on to his name, from the number of societies he belongs to. Well, anyhow, he called his son Baldur, and his poor daughter, Friga. She cannot bear it. She is very High Church, and is a sort of nun, though I don't think she has taken vows, for she comes home occasionally, and her father will not have her in her habit. She has done her best to christianize her name, and tries to make out that it is the corruption of some Saxon saint's name. Swithin teases her, and has ransacked the library at Brookethorpe to prove the contrary; but she will not be convinced."

"I don't think I mind the name of Baldur," observed Joan.

"No," replied Freda; "it rather suits him, as you will see for yourself. He has a sort of ancient hero look about him."

"Rubbish!" growled Swithin.

"Well, it does sound a bit foolish, I admit, Swithin," replied his sister; "and yet it is true. He takes such a simple, high view of everything; and he looks so like what he is."

"Don't listen to her, Joan," said the boy; "and don't let her nonsense prejudice you; for he is an awfully nice fellow, and I wish there were more like him. Soon after he left Oxford he went off travelling, and has been all over the world in the most out-of-the-way places, from Thibet to the Andes. Don't I remember how I envied him the last time he went! But you had better change the subject, for Freda will prose on by the hour, once you set her off on Baldur Roy."

"Nonsense!" protested Freda; "but I always liked him very much. The earliest thing I can remember is how he used to fight our battles against Nevile and his horrid friends. I am glad he has come back; and how happy old Mrs. Roy will be!"

"Won't she!" said Maud. "It is on her account that he has come home. He told me that he felt he must come back to be

with her, now she is alone, though he hates the English life. He was very much put out when he heard that Friga had left home in that way. He was in Tartary, I think, when the letter telling him reached him; and it had taken a long time following him, or he would have returned before now."

"Poor Mrs. Roy," explained Freda; "she has a dull enough life of it! Baldur is everything to her; and since Friga went away, she has been very lonely, for her husband rarely utters a word to her. He remains buried in his books, and when he comes to meals, he swallows what he wants and hurries back to his den; and he snaps her poor old nose off if she tries to speak. Yet he cannot bear her to go away, lest he might want her to do something for him. She is very sociable, but he utterly refuses to let her have visitors, because he hates the chance of meeting strangers—so even we scarcely dare go there. He is a perfect specimen of what selfishness can become. They are old people now—much older than they need be to be Baldur's parents. I believe that they were very middle-aged when they married, which is, I suppose, why he never got out of his selfish bachelor habits."

"Mr. Roy was awfully put out about it," remarked Maud, "and said he would like to throttle Friga."

"What! Mr. Roy said that?" cried Freda. "I should have thought he scarcely knew that he had a daughter!"

"I mean Baldur, of course," stammered Maud, blushing; "but I suppose that we ought to give up calling him by his name now."

"You may if you choose, but I shall call him Baldur to the end of the chapter. He is a sort of brother, and I could not call him by anything but his Christian name."

"Is it his Christian name?" asked Joan, pointedly.

"How? Oh, you mean was he christened by it? Yes, he was baptized. His father did not much like it, and called it humbug; but Mrs. Roy got her way somehow. Not that she knows or cares anything about what Baptism really is, but she said—she told me this herself—that it would look so shocking if the children were not christened. In early days she was rather religious, and what she called orthodox, and taught the children to say their prayers, and read the Bible with them, I don't know what she thinks now."

"Do any of them believe in anything now?" asked Joan.

"Why, Friga believes almost everything we do."

"Yes, I know. But Mr. Roy—Baldur—does he believe anything?"

"He is very good," replied Freda, hesitatingly; "I only wish we were all as good as he is. I don't suppose that his father believes in much; and as for Mrs. Roy, as I said before, I don't quite know what she is. She used, I believe, always to go to church on Sundays, if it was fine, but somebody told me that she never goes now. I doubt her having much religion of any sort; and, in fact, I don't think that she really worships anything but Baldur."

Reviews.

I.—PSYCHOLOGY: EMPIRICAL AND RATIONAL.¹

FATHER MAHER'S book enjoys the double advantage of being a work which has stood long enough to establish for itself a reputation, and at the same time of appearing in a fourth edition which differs from its predecessors not simply in a few changes, but in most marked additions and improvements. A large part of the work has been most carefully re-written. The first issue was good ; the last is much better.

After an introduction stating what Psychology is, what its methods are, and how it classifies mental faculties, Father Maher enters on the question of Phenomenal Psychology. This means an empirical study of the manifestations of man's double but closely connected life of sensation and of intellect properly so called. The senses yield in their own order phenomena of feeling, of perception, and of appetency : and all these departments are carefully analyzed on the sure basis of what men actually experience. At the same time the objective sciences of physiology, and psycho-physics, are made to contribute their share in the elucidation of facts. Next comes the account of the spiritual mind, its function of conceptions, judgments, and reasonings, its energy in the shape of rational will, which in many cases has the prerogative of acting with freedom, and its emotional characteristics, which, if they do not flow from a distinct faculty, are at least features so prominent in the mind that they cannot be left out of consideration. In this empirical part of his labours Father Maher has to encounter at any rate less opposition from rival schools than he has to meet in the Second Book of his treatise. Already, however, he joins issue, especially on one capital point, the real difference between the phenomena of

¹ Stonyhurst Philosophical Series. *Psychology: Empirical and Rational*. By Michael Maher, S.J., Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stonyhurst College, Examiner for the Diploma in Teaching of the Royal University of Ireland. Fourth Edition, re-written and enlarged. London, New York, and Bombay : Longmans, Green, and Co., 1900.

sensation and those of intelligence in the spiritual meaning of the term. Most philosophers are ready to allow a distinction, but many try to make it not one of kind, whereas Father Maher clearly maintains that it is not less than specific. It is on this ground that he is able effectively to write his exhaustive and very able defence of Free Will, without which he could not validly uphold that man is genuinely a responsible being, subject morally to praise and blame. All forms of determinism really strike at the root of merit and demerit, because in the end they are driven to assert that each man is just what he cannot help being, given his disposition and his circumstances. The Second Book, treating as it does of Rational Psychology, and establishing that Man is a Substance, compounded of Body and Soul, a Substantial Personality which has for attribute not only permanence, but even immortality in a future state of existence, will be the part that most challenges the dissent of our latter-day philosophers. They, however, must at any rate confess the unsatisfactoriness of their own position—of the very wretched account which they are able to render, on their own ground, of the Personality or Ego of each individual. They are obliged by consistency with their principles to go counter to some of the plainest deliverances of human consciousness, as, for instance, when they tell us, by the mouth of Mr. James, that "the hypothesis of a soul is needless for expressing the actual subjective phenomena of consciousness," because "we have formulated them all without its aid by the supposition of a stream of thoughts, each substantially different from the rest, but cognitive of the rest;" so that "the unity, the identity, the individuality, and the immateriality that appear in psychic life are thus accounted for as phenomenal and temporal facts exclusively, and with no need of reference to any more simple or substantial agent than the present thought or section of the stream."¹ Father Maher puts the pretension to a searching test: he shows that the so-called account leaves most important elements unaccounted for, and that Mr. James, with all his ingenuity, does not advance one step in the solution of the difficulty which Mill so fairly set before himself, how any fleeting member of a successive series can be aware of itself as part of the whole series. To say that the latest thought takes over from its predecessor all that the latter possessed by similar inheritance has the disadvantage of being not only a very

¹ P. 482.

gratuitous assumption, but also one that is intrinsically self-destructive. Mr. James is shown to be not unaware of his own inadequacy, when he is quoted as saying that *something more* is needed, and by confessing that "the moment he becomes metaphysical and tries to define the *more*, he finds the notion of some sort of *anima mundi* a more promising hypothesis, in spite of all its difficulties, than a lot of absolutely individual souls."¹ Thus the theory "no soul is needful" gives place to "some soul is wanted, but I prefer not to multiply souls; I will take only one, a single world-soul." Here Mr. James has to face the common verdict of man's experience, which testifies that his own soul is not one which he shares in partnership with all his kind.

A book so packed with matter and so closely reasoned as the volume which is the outcome of Father Maher's long years spent as an earnest student who has had to bring his own conclusions to the practical test of teaching and examining others, cannot be fully represented in a few pages of a review; but we hope that enough has been said to call attention to a book which should do good service in that most important cause, the spread of sound principles on human psychology. No small part of work to be done is to remove prejudices against such time-honoured terms as substance, soul, personality, and freedom, which are often discredited because they are first misunderstood and then supplanted by rivals that do not deserve any confidence.

2.—THE PENITENTIAL BOOKS OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.²

Owing to an unfortunate accident, which we greatly regret, we are very late in noticing the important work of Bishop Hermann Joseph Schmitz on the Penitential System of the Middle Ages. All things considered, we should be inclined to say that there is hardly any book which has been produced by a Catholic during the last twenty years which is so creditable to the author, and which so clearly demonstrates that in some Catholic educational centres at least the scholarship of the professors is thoroughly abreast of the requirements of our day.

¹ P. 485.

² *Die Bussbücher und das Kanonische Bussverfahren*, nach handschriftlichen Quellen dargestellt von Weihbischof Herm. Jos. Schmitz. Düsseldorf: L. Schwann, 1898.

The first volume of this important collection was given to the world as far back as 1885, and the distinguished author has therefore occupied nearly fifteen years in the preparation of its successor. The book as a consequence not only bears witness to the most extraordinary care and diligence in the collation of manuscripts, but is a perfect mine of bibliographical information concerning all things relating to its subject-matter. We are a little inclined to regret that Bishop Schmitz has not fallen in with the excellent fashion which now obtains in so many German works of erudition, of printing a separate list of the books and editions cited throughout the volume, but there is a very good index, and that for the most part will suffice to guide the inquirer sufficiently to what he wants. A more serious desideratum perhaps is a glossary or at least a special index of the less frequently recurring words and locutions in the Latin texts. We think we are not mistaken in saying that the word *patere*, for instance, in the sense of saying the *Pater noster* is not to be found even in the most recent edition of Ducange. We are not indeed entirely clear that when we read in the *Edictum* of St. Boniface, *Si vult minus psallere tamen vult patere* (see pp. 672 and 699), the word *patere* really does mean, as many suppose, to say the Our Father. Nevertheless, some philologists derive our English word *patter* from a supposed low Latin verb of similar form. The MS. variants read *petere* and *patire*, which last may perhaps stand for *pati*. But this is just such a point as we should be glad to see discussed by an expert like Dr. Schmitz.

It must not be supposed that this important work includes nothing but the text of the different canons and the various readings of the manuscripts which contain them. For all but specialists the most interesting matter in the volume will be found in the author's introductions and in the abundant commentary in which the documents are imbedded. The book practically supplies a complete dissertation on the early penitential system of the middle ages, written by a scholar whose first-hand acquaintance with the manuscripts of this class is without a parallel in Europe, who commands a profound acquaintance with both Theology and Canon Law, and whose orthodoxy is above suspicion. A more useful antidote to the earlier portion of such a work as Mr. H. C. Lea's *History of Confession and Indulgences* it would be difficult to name. Unfortunately, however, the text of the early penitential canons is often very unpleasant reading, and the Latin in which they

are written is quite distressingly plain. Even as regards ecclesiastical students—at least, the younger ones—we should feel a certain scruple in putting such a book unreservedly into their hands. May we venture to suggest to the learned author that it would be an excellent thing if the more general matter of his introductions and commentary could with some slight adaptations be printed separately from the text of the canons themselves in a form and at a price which would bring the work within the reach of ecclesiastical students, and might prove tempting even to the general reader.

3.—PHILOSOPHIA LACENSIS.¹

It is more than a decade ago since the first volume of Father Theodore Meyer, S.J.'s *Institutiones Juris Naturalis, seu Philosophia Moralis* was published, but the author's want of health is, we believe, primarily accountable for the long interval separating the appearance of the two volumes. As with the present contribution the *Philosophia Lacensis* is completed, we may take the opportunity to recall attention to the component parts of the series, and also to its general character. In addition to Father Meyer's two volumes on *Jus Naturale*, Father Tilmann Pesch, whose recent death is to be deplored, has contributed *Institutiones Logicales* in three volumes, *Institutiones Philosophiæ Naturalis* in two volumes, and *Institutiones Psychologiæ* in three volumes. The *Institutiones Theodiæ*, in one volume, are by Father Hontheim. As regards general character, this series is to be carefully distinguished from the *Cursus Philosophicus in usum Scholarum*. Both are due to the philosophical industry of the German Jesuits, but the last mentioned, as its name implies, is by comparison of a more elementary character, being intended for those who are laying the foundation of their philosophical knowledge. On the other hand, the *Philosophia Lacensis*—so called in allusion to the College of Maria Laach, now passed into other hands—is for more advanced students, and aims at a really profound discussion of the various questions appertaining to its subject-matter. Some German critics have found fault with the series for being written in Latin, but their feeling will not be shared by English students. Translations

¹ *Philosophia Lacensis. Institutiones Juris Naturalis seu Philosophia Moralis Universæ. Auctore Theodoro Meyer, S.J. Pars II. Jus Naturæ Specialis.* Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder.

mean delay and expense, besides which the German, of all languages, is the hardest to translate satisfactorily into English, as many of the translations we possess testify. Of course there must be books in the vernacular on these subjects, but it is surely much more convenient, especially in these days when the intellectual activities of the different countries are wont to intermingle more than in the past—that works of a fundamental character should be in the one language which has respectable claims to be called universal. Nor is it true that the Latin language lends itself less to accurate thought; it would be truer to say that it lends itself less to those ambiguities of term and phrase which are the refuge of confused thinkers.

The volume before us is fully up to the standard which the writers have prescribed to themselves, and Father Meyer has made a searching study of modern theories, particularly of those which have sprung up on German soil. It is with special reference to these that he discusses the various questions as they present themselves. Thus at the commencement we have a criticism of the numerous current definitions of Religion. In connection with the vindication of the right of Private Property the various socialistic arguments and maxims are patiently explained and analyzed. Another question of present interest is that of the causes which justify recourse to War, of the conditions under which war ought to be carried on, and of the rights which accrue to the conqueror.

The subject to which most space is allotted, as being that in connection with which some very vexed questions and controversies arise, is as to the nature of Civil Government, the determination and delimitation of its sphere of action, the source of its authority and of the juridical designation of the subjects entitled to exercise it. As regards the sphere of civil government, we find discussed the Kantian Rechtsschutztheorie, which sins by allowing too little to the State, and the Kulturstaatstheorie and the Rechtsstaatstheorie, so much encouraged by the Hegelian philosophy, which exalt the State into a kind of God. Between these extremes comes the common sense theory, which alone harmonizes with the Christian conception of human life. As regards the origin of civil authority, Father Meyer shows in what sense it is true—and to be resolutely retained—that the civil ruler is clothed with authority from God, and how this sound doctrine essentially differs from the doctrine of the divine right of kings, which owed its origin largely to the assumptions

of sovereigns like James I. But besides the question whether a ruler, so soon as he has been lawfully appointed, receives his authority from above, not from below—from God, not from the people—there is the further question, What is the nature of the process by which the lawful ruler is designated? The Suaresian doctrine, though it differed essentially from the Social Contract doctrine of Rousseau, held that the designation was by the people. Father Meyer follows an opposite opinion which has been growing in favour lately, one which it is difficult to describe in a few words, but of which the sum is that the course of events, under certain conditions, may be taken as a sure indication of Divine Providence pointing out the right man, or men, for the post. This outline will suffice to show the programme Father Meyer offers to his readers in this instructive volume. We may add that English readers will be interested in his discussion of Constitutionalism, to which on the whole he is adverse, but judges favourably of the variety of it prevailing in this country. Edmund Burke, however, is an authority not sufficiently modern on such a point as the power of the Crown, which is not so great now—unless in the form of personal influence—as it was in the days of George III.

4.—THE STORY OF FLORENCE.¹

Difficile est proprie communia dicere. It is not an easy thing to write a book which shall have character and originality about such a hackneyed theme as Florence. Mr. Gardner's book possesses both qualities in quite a remarkable degree. To the refined and scholarly mind which revolts, a little unreasonably, perhaps, but still revolts from Bædeker and Murray, with all their associations, this charming volume will be very welcome. There is a distinction about it, both as regards style and treatment, which imparts to the gratified reader a sense of being lifted above the plane of the mere tourist. And yet the book contains much accurate historical information, much intelligent art criticism, and a certain enthusiasm for its subject which is infectious. Never before have we found the story of Savonarola, for instance, more delightfully told. The illustrations, on the whole, are attractive and well chosen. The only thing we regret

¹ *The Story of Florence.* By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. One of the series of "Mediæval Towns." London: Dent, 1900.

is the map of modern Florence (the bird's-eye view of old Florence, on the other hand, is splendid), a concession to the common or garden variety of tourist which, if it was to be made at all, might as well have been better done. We do not entirely share Mr. Gardner's point of view in his severe censure of the action of some of the Popes, notably Boniface VIII. and Julius II., but taking it all in all, we regard this as the most successful volume which has yet appeared in Messrs. Dent's very attractive series.

5.—AT THE FEET OF JESUS.¹

Madame Cecilia, of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, has only recently come before us as a writer. But her *Home Truths for Mary's Children* caused her to be quickly recognized as one who could write a spiritual book of the type which appeals to English hearts and minds, one in which the counsels of piety are solid and homely, not far-fetched, and in which the style is clear and pleasing, and above all is marked by the indispensable quality of unction. There is great need among us for such works to take the place of our many translations, for although there are spiritual books of foreign origin which we could ill spare, foreign spirituality can never be as satisfying as that which is of home growth. The principles of spirituality are indeed the same everywhere, being Catholic, but each nationality has its own temperament, and with this its literature, spiritual as well as secular, must correspond, if it is to be effectual. *At the Feet of Jesus* is, moreover, worthy of a welcome which it is sure to receive, not merely because it is a good English spiritual book, but because it is of the kind calculated to suit the large class of Catholics to whom regular spiritual reading is so much to be recommended. How many young Catholics there are of both sexes, whose piety needs this daily sustenance as a preservative against the corruption of the world; how many homes in which a daily portion of such reading would prove an invaluable aid towards maintaining that true spirit of a Catholic family on which Leo XIII. has laid so much stress.

The chapters in this little volume, like those of the authoress's previous venture, are the outcome of weekly

¹ *At the Feet of Jesus.* By Madame Cecilia, of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, London: Burns and Oates.

addresses to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart established at St. Andrew's Convent, and it is this continuous contact with the life of those for whom they are meant which makes the lessons inculcated so practical. The general subject-matter is to bring home to the reader how truly our Lord had experience of the same joys and sorrows as we, and how we may find in the incidents recorded in the Gospels examples which can help us in our own similar experiences. The whole is divided into two parts, of which the second is directly concerned with our Lord's joys and sorrows, the first is more miscellaneous though equally practical. At the end of each chapter a summary is added so as to adapt the subject to the use of those who meditate. This is an excellent plan. To those who wish to learn how to meditate after the system of St. Ignatius, it may be suggested that they should first read these summaries and try to make meditations from them for themselves. They will thus be able profitably to compare their own development of the points supplied with that of the book.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD works in many literary fields, and one of them is that of spiritual books. His *Jewels of the Mass* is now followed up by *Death Jewels*. It is a little devotional treatise well suited to meet the needs and the tastes of a modern Catholic gentleman, of one who has mingled with his fellow-men in the walks of outer life, finding a keen interest in the topics and pursuits of the day, whilst at the same time endeavouring to keep sedulously in view the claims of the life to come. Mr. Fitzgerald reasons and reflects as such a one would do, taking his comparisons and illustrations from the habits and examples of his time, and has succeeded in producing an excellent little spiritual book.

Rosary Links (Washbourne) is by Father Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. It is an able account of the structure of the Rosary, of the artistic principles which find expression therein, and of the secret of its power, not only to inspire the mind with holy thoughts, but to fill the imagination with devout pictures, all drawn from the pattern life of our Lord. One would like also to be able to follow Father Lescher in his confident belief that the Rosary, quite in its present form, dates back to the ministry of St. Dominic, but it is impossible to resist stubborn facts. There can, however, be no doubt whatever of the grand work done by the Dominican Order in preaching the devotion, or of the spiritual fruits which their labours have borne.

John Wesley, by Frank Banfield (Kegan Paul and Co.), is a contribution to the series of tiny volumes entitled *The Westminster Biographies*. It gives within its short compass a graphic portrait of one for whom it claims, not without reason, that he "helped materially in the gradual lifting of Anglo-Saxondom out of the Paganism in which it was wallowing part of the way on the road back towards a perfect Christianity." Wesley had

his weak points, but it was his strong points which predominated, and it is impossible to read of him without loving him and respecting him. Moreover, beyond this there were in him features which should be of special interest to us Catholics, as they show that in spite of a prejudice against the Catholic faith, which for one in his environment was natural, his underlying spirituality, the spirituality which gained for his system the name of Methodism, was distinctly in a Catholic direction, while the theory of justification, which supervened and became the characteristic tenet of the Wesleyan movement, was of foreign, namely, of Moravian origin, and seems never to have been very cordially accepted by him. He saw the evils which resulted from it among the Moravians and his own followers, and groaned under them.

Freehand Drawing of Ornament, by John Carroll (Burns and Oates), is a useful collection of drawing exercises, which should be welcomed by beginners. One recognizes throughout the hand of an experienced teacher. There is clearness and sense in the preliminary hints, in the gradation of lessons according to difficulty, even in the way in which the models are named. Mr. Carroll's drawing is firm and vigorous, and he follows classical types. It is not his fault that the artistic appearance of the modern photographic tint-block is inferior to that of the lithographic print of former days, still more so to the wood engraving of earlier generations. But then, the number of plates which the publishers now-a-days give for the money is really wonderful.

In a paper read in the spring of 1899, before the Royal Society of Canada (and published by Hope and Son, of Toronto), Dr. Samuel E. Dawson, of the Laval University, discusses the *Line of Demarcation of Alexander VI.* in his famous Bull *Inter cætera*, in 1493, and that of the subsequent Treaty of Tordesillas, in 1494. We cannot think with Dr. Dawson that the *Inter cætera* bears in any way the marks of an award; it reads as a grant, pure and simple, evidently assuming that it lies within the Pope's competence to make it. It seems to us, too, that if the Simancas Bull, dated May 3rd, 1493, is, as Dr. Dawson says, entered on the Vatican Register, that must be taken as a sign of genuineness, though we cannot suggest its relation to the Bull of similar text, dated May 4, which has become historic. In other respects, this little study is an interesting and successful vindication of the action taken by the Pope, both on political and on scientific grounds.

The Life of St. Gerlach (Burns and Oates) is by Frederick A. Houch. St. Gerlach was born in the twelfth century at Houtheim, near Limburg, in Southern Holland, and is the patron Saint of that district. Like St. Hubert, another Saint associated with the same neighbourhood, he was originally a knight of reputation who, brought to realize the vanity of earthly things through a great calamity which befell him, exchanged his life of luxury for one of great austerity. After seven years of penance in the Holy Land, St. Gerlach returned to Houtheim, and took up his habitation in a hollow oak on his own property. Whilst thus living a life of poverty he devoted his rich patrimony to the service of the poor, and died with the reputation of sanctity. It is not usually possible to get a distinct picture of a life lived in so remote an age, but the author has relied on the *Vita Sti. Gerlaci* by a Norbertine monk, who, though apparently not himself quite a contemporary of the Saint, introduces testimonies of those whom he himself knew personally, and who had known the Saint.

Days of First Love (Barclay and Fry) are some pleasing verses by the late W. Chatterton Dix, the theme of which is the devotion to our Lady. Specially pleasing is the added poem on The Bark of the Holy Eucharist.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. IV.

The Triumvirate of Enlightenment. *R. von Nostitz Rieneck.*
 John von Wesel on Penance and Indulgence. *Dr. N. Paulus.* An Interesting Letter belonging to Early Church History. *J. Stiglmayr.* On the Relation between the Magisterium of the Church and the Interpretation of Scripture. *J. B. Nisius.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. IV.

The Benedictine Congregation of Chezal-Benoît. *Dom U. Berlière.* A Manuscript of Montserrat. *Dom H. Plenkers* The Musical System of the Greek Church. *Dom H. Gaisser.* The Monks of the East. *Dom U. Berlière.* The Essence of Christianity. *Dom U. Baltus.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (October.)

A Marginal Gloss to Dr. Hainer on Seminaries. The Cœmeterium Ostriatum. *Father Stock*. The Duration of the Public Life. *Dr. E. Nagl*, *O. Cist.* The Life of the Controversialist Weisslinger. *Dr. N. Paulus*. A Protestant Defence of Christianity. *D. Petry*, *O.S.B.*

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (October 5 and 20.)

The Lyons Congress in honour of our Lady. *H. Prélôt*. French Protestantism and its Methods. *E. Portaliè*. The Phenomena of Telepathy. *F. Lodièl*. The Ethos of Romanticism. *G. Longhaye*. Louis XIV. and Versailles. *H. Chérot*. Liberty as it is understood in Belgium. *P. Dudon*. The Psychology of Inspiration. *H. Dutouquet*. Patriotic Fiction in France. *H. Bremond*. My Second Observatory at Madagascar. *E. Colin*. The Writers of St. Sulpice. *J. Brückner*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 6 and 20.)

The Roman Plebiscite of this year. Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini and the Republic of Venice. The Manchurian Dynasty in China. The State and Elementary Schools. The Stele in the Forum and its Archaic Inscription. The Conclusion of the Concordat. Gian Domenico Mansi and the Collections of the Councils. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October.)

The Peerage of the Restoration. *J. Laurentie*. Aggressive Irony. *Abbé Delfour*. The Problem of Trades Unions. *P. Ravier du Magny*. The Triple Alliance. *Comte J. Grabinski*. Recent Historical Books. *E. Bouvier*. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE.

The Programmes of the Political Parties in Belgium. *Ch. Woeste*. Recollections. *A. de Ridder*. Out-door Relief in the form of Work: a French experiment. *L. Banneux*. The attacks upon the Plural Vote. *L. Dupriez*. Belgium at the Paris Exhibition. *F. Bournand*.

